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JULY

SPECIAL ISSUE

THE BIGGEST FASHION NEWS IN YEARS

YOUR BEST BETS ON THE NEW HEMLINES... LOOKS YOU'LL LOVE TO WEAR

YOUR HAIR: ITS HEALTH AND BEAUTY

YOUR MAKE UP: EXCITING NEW COLOURS



FORECAST ISSUE



News from 'Moon Drops'

The 'Almondine Eye'

We see this as the shape of eyes to come. Big, wide, elongated eyes. Shaped and shadowed a whole new way. Lighted from every angle—above *and* below—in tones of a single color. A sensuous 'side-long' look that widens eyes to their outer limits.

New! Demi Frosted Eyeshadows. A unique 'first in frosteds'. Eyeshadows with a softsilvered sheen like powdered moonlight. Tender greens. Tranquil blues. Hushy taupes. Fragiled pinks and plums. Two shadows to a compact, plus a new first:

Tinted Shadow Base. A moisty little under-eyeshadow creme that makes eyeshadow stay put (stay fresh!) all day.

New! Demi Creamcake Eyeliners. Two unusual tints in a compact, to harmonize with the shadows. One matches mascara; one is lighter to underline the eye.

New! Demi Lengthening Mascara. A brush-on liquid that not only colors—*it curls, thickens and lengthens your lashes.*



'Moon Drops' Demi Eyemakeup

by Revlon

REVLON

'MOON DROPS'

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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
The black-and-white fantastic. Two pieces in
a blithe, new rhythm. $195.

JULY, 1970

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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: Jean Shrimpton wears a coat you'll love—Originala's black-and-white Dalmatian-print midi. La France cotton velours. At Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Malbé shirt. Marguerite Hetier dog collar, Henri Bendel. . . . The hair you'll love—shining, silky, swingy as Jean's. And L'Oréal has a new solution to get it that way—Ineral Restorative conditioner. Corsica Coral lipstick by L'Oréal.

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'There's a certain summer glow that clever beauties never let go of. I've designed this new face-coloring stick so you needn't spend hours in the sun to keep the look of summer going—all year round.'

Charles Revson

The 'Summerplace Face'

'Ultima' II introduces a great new face-fashion you'll want to live in, 12 months a year. Warm, glowing, suncolored skin—achieved via a never-before new 'brief makeup.' Incredibly swift and simple. (You're a sunny-faced beauty in two minutes flat!)

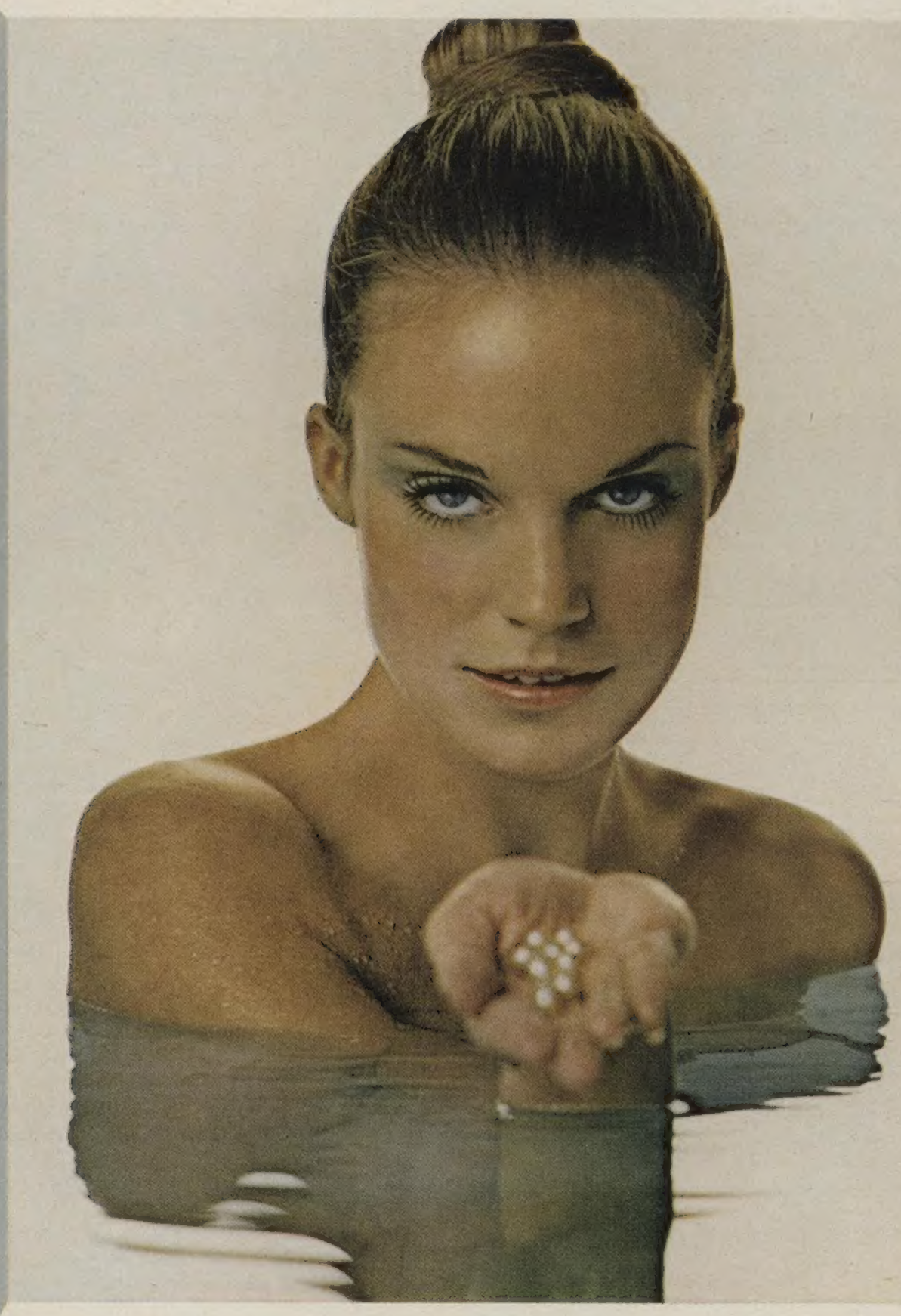
New 'Ultra-Color' Transparent Gelstick—a totally new kind of 'young-coloring' cream-gel. Gives you a golden 'nature girl' glow—without risking the aging effects of the sun. Wear it over makeup—or over naked skin. *(It's absolutely streakproof!)* The look is radiant, as though the sun never let you out of its sight. Sunlit Pink/Peach/Rose. Bronzelit Tawny/Copper/Tan/Umber.

New Midi-Transparent Lip Tints. Fruitpeel tints of bright, vivacious color. The texture is glidey with cream, *semi-clear* on the mouth. 5 vivid tints: Summerset Rose/Isle of Pink/Peachcomber/Sandcastle Coral/Sundown Red.

'Ultima' II

by Charles Revson

How does a rich girl feel?



Pampered and protected. A skin fresh and young no matter what her age. The same soft skin is yours with Mink and Pearls. With the appearance of 9 millimeter pearls, they hold the secret of younger, softer skin. Toss a handful in your bath and they dissolve slowly to release lightly perfumed essence of mink oil—the natural moisturizer most like your own.

You don't have to be a rich girl to buy Mink and Pearls. You just have to want to feel like one.

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by JOVAN



At America's finest stores. Two hundred pearls, $5.00. Five hundred pearls, $10.00. Five hundred pearls in refillable golden gift boutique, $12.50. Mink & Pearls Bath Oil, 1 ounce, $2.00. 4 ounces, $5.00. Mink & Pearls Soap, $1.25. Product of Jovan Inc., 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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The first people in deep pile fabrics
always have the last word.



This time the last word is Borg's Prairie™, pile of 50% VEREL® Modacrylic, 50% Modacrylic. Designed by Günter, PROJECT II makes the coat of Borg's Prairie™. $160. Available at: Bloomingdales, New York City; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Filene's, Boston; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

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The Roman Sunbath.

"In Italy, we believe the sun is like a husband. You must respect it as well as love it." Eve of Roma.

Rome is a city basked in hot summer sun.

A sun so brilliant, so constant, it can make a woman ravishingly beautiful; or, can age her almost overnight.

Fortunately, the Roman women understand their sun. Their flawless golden tans have long been envied by sun-worshipping women the world over.

Yet, these Roman women know such a tan cannot be achieved by accident.

But in a city where mothers proudly teach their daughters it is a woman's duty to look beautiful, who would dare not treat the sun with the proper respect?

To this beauty-worshipping city came a woman who knew better than anyone else how important the sun can be to a woman's beauty. Eve of Roma. When she spoke, Roman women knew she understood them.

"Too much sun can be as aging to the skin as too many birthdays."

"A glowing, dewy tan can make you look ten years younger and as though you were always deeply, happily in love."

Beautiful women all over the Continent soon realized something new was happening in Rome.

Soon, no beautiful, sun-seeking woman could visit Rome without stopping in at 116 Via Veneto.

But now, it's a little easier to have such a golden tan. It is still rather expensive and you still must follow the regimen faithfully.

But now Eve of Roma products, still made only in Italy, are sold by her trained consultants in many fine American department stores.

Eve of Roma
116 Via Veneto, Roma



The First Day

Of all days, on this one you must be the most careful. You must start your tan off with a gel that very discriminately filters out the sun's searing ultra-violet rays. With Eve's First Day Tanning Gel you will "soften" the sun's rays. At the same time, as an antidote to "first day pallor," it will offer your skin a touch of rich, amber glow.

The Next Days in the Sun

Now, so as to see your tan develop perfectly, you must use a gel that is a little less selective of the sun's rays.

Yet, to be sure, still selective. For oily or normal skin, Eve has Roman Tan Sun Gel. For dry or normal skin, Dew Hydrator Suntan Lotion. For skin that is especially sensitive to the sun, Dew Hydrator Super Sunscreen Lotion. And for a dark, dark tan, Avanti Sole Dark Tanning Lotion. And to pamper and protect your lips, Porta Luce Lipcolor.

After the Sun

When you walk out of the sun is when your tan reaches its crucial point. Your skin needs to be cooled, its thirst quenched, the precious moisture balance preserved, peeling prevented.

For this we make Dew Hydrator After-Sun Moisture Lotion, Anti-Parching Cream, and for the bath, After-Sun Oil Treatment Bath Beads.

Eve of Roma products available at: Bloomingdale's, New York; Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Stix, Baer & Fuller, Co., St. Louis; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Livingston Bros., San Francisco and other select department stores.

©Eve of Roma 1970.

WEAR-DATED



De Milo by Milstein Are they seal? These very beautiful and very, very warm coats. Or are they 100% Acrilan® acrylic pile? With coats this high-styled it's hard to tell. But in the end, the prices do. Ladies' (raccoon trimmed) about $200. Gentlemen's, about $125.

Wear-Dated® clothes are all guaranteed for one full year's normal wear. If they're not as good as our word, just return the garment—with tag and sales slip for refund or replacement by **Monsanto**



Drench your lips in liquid pearl…

Almay Color-Moist Pearls



Now Color-Moist goes frosted in ten new shimmering shades

Finally.

It's happened.

Almay has captured the lustre of pearl and put it into the fabulous Color-Moist formula.

Your lips will drink in moisture from the moment the pearl glides on. It's hypo-allergenic, with no indelible dyes to dry out or chap the lips. Only the pure essence of cream to soften, moisturize and protect.

Almay Color-Moist frosteds. They're new. They're lustrous. They're pearls.

Almay
World's leading authority in hypo-allergenic cosmetics

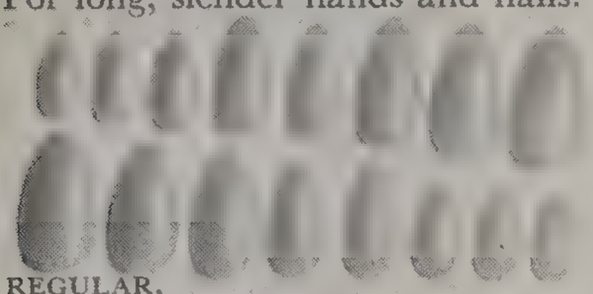
Body Pearls created by Bill Smith, Jeweler

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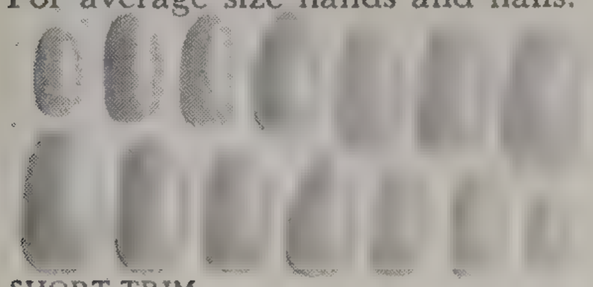
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For large hands or to make long nails even longer.



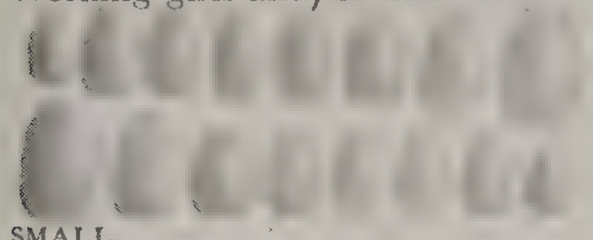
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For long, slender hands and nails.



REGULAR.
For average size hands and nails.



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Working girls and/or nailbiters.

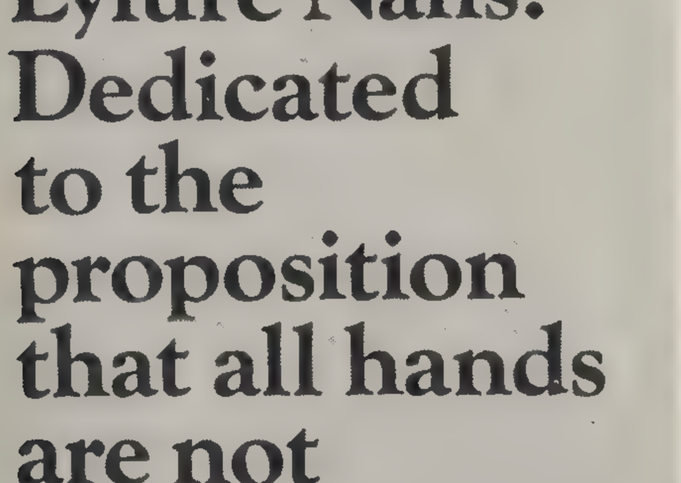


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Eylure Nails: Dedicated to the proposition that all hands are not created equal.

Long-wearing, easy-fitting, highest-quality nails. All sizes for all kinds of hands. In all kinds of colors. Only Eylure of London makes such a complete range. Even Self-Adhesive Nails that go on instantly.



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29 W. 30th Street.
New York, N.Y., 10001.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

New trick with a face pack Dolores Del Rio, whose beauty secrets are probably worth more to some women than their husbands' stock portfolios, recently let one slip to a friend. The Eternally Divine Del Rio has, we hear, a special beauty routine for her divine feet and legs. For it she uses a product that ranks with the *crème de la crème* in complexion comforters. It's Estée Lauder's Creme Pack, a yummy-fragrant, smooth-textured, clay-coloured blend of precious herbs and other special ingredients, that famous beauties have relied on for years as the perfect facial pick-me-up. Miss Del Rio is said to have discovered that Creme Pack enlivens not the face alone. She finds it also refreshes the legs and feet in an amazing way. She is said to use it three or four times a week from the knees down with the application prescribed for the face. Apply with fingertips. Leave on five to fifteen skin-tingling minutes. Then tissue away. . . . We wonder what else the Divine Dolores does. . . .

Wigs do celeb service More and more on-the-move beauties are singing the praises of those wonderful easy-care, easy-wear wiggies being whipped up by well-known hairdressers. Mrs. Clark Gable has five: "the kind that you just wash out the way you do your nylons." She calls them "little added blessings," particularly time-saving when she has to make an early morning meeting and just marvellous in humid climates like Hawaii, where she's often a visitor. . . . Delectable Liza Minnelli calls her Cleo-style long wig, "my refuge." "I wear it to get in and out of crowds when I'm in a hurry. In my wig, people who always recognize me with short hair are not apt to bother me." . . . To Joan (Mrs. Anthony Newley) Collins, they're absolutely essential. The luscious Mrs. Newley has some twenty wigs, all done for her by Carita of Paris. A friend told us her private dressing room "looks like the wig department of the old Metro lot." She told the friend, "Where I go, they go. They're still easier to pack than the normal-size hairdresser." . . .

The heat that cools We've noticed—and so have you—how many people are deserting those hair dryers where they used to spend so much time improving their minds. Electric curlers and hand-held blow dryers have diverted a great deal of the old dryer trade. . . . Now we've uncovered still another drying tactic, pursued by one of the Very Beautiful People. After shampoo, she sits under a heat lamp to dry her long, straight hair. "It's cosy and relaxing and silent. Furthermore, it's cooler." . . . That's a real cool heat lamp. . . .

Hey, fray, we're ready See the Berber-style dazzler, page 106? That's Yellowleaf and Sari Pink eye shadow on forehead, a mix of Mint Pastel and Aqualene over brows, Pastel Ivory under eyes. A sunny gelstick has primed her face, a blushing gel has pinked her chin and cheeks, and a new lipstick, Isle of Pink, has set her mouth to glowing. These are all participants in Revlon's new Summerplace Face and Silkprint Eye, a collection of colours and textures which provide a rare opportunity to open narrow eyes, to brighten tired eyes, to transform the critical undereye area into an asset, for a delightful change. The cake shadows come in odd couples, two surprising casemates to a compact (how do you like Gingerlily with Lemonpepper?) to play with above eye. New moisturizing eye shadow base eases application, extends the wear amazingly. Then, below the eye, go wonderful whipped-mousse *undereye* tints in pastels that contrast with or delicately echo the above-eye colours. "Colour on the face is a character-maker," said Charles Revson, creator of Ultima II. "Your face has to compete for attention with clothes and environments that are becoming increasingly patterned and colourful." . . . Thank you, Mr. Revson.

(More Beauty Checkout, page 26)

The healer vs. The Sun.

Ah, those golden rays of sunshine. How they can hurt you, and your skin.

They dry it out, and can even bake in lines.

But no matter how parched and dried-out your skin gets from the sun, Jergens Extra Dry Skin Formula is guaranteed to help heal it. Or your money back.

Instantly soothes, even makes your tan last longer by putting back moisture the sun has taken away.

Take your sun-dried skin to the golden drops of the healer.



Does the international beauty who recently bought a 10-skin tiger maxi-coat know that there are now only 590 tigers left alive?

Incredibly, we have allowed the slaughter of tigers to continue to the point where one woman, granted she might not have known it at the time of purchase, is actually wearing 1/60 of the world's tiger population on her back.

Which means that if only 59 affluent women decide to emulate this glamorous lady, the magnificent Bengal Tiger may well vanish from the earth altogether.

Along with the Leopard, Lynx, Ocelot, Fitch, Fox, Alligator and dozens of other species of wildlife and birds that are this minute being hunted into extinction.

Primarily in the name of fashion.

What heightens the tragedy is the fact that the slaughter is both stupid and unnecessary.

Stupid, because as any ecologist will tell you, the day animals vanish from the earth, man is not far behind.

Unnecessary because modern technology has made the wearing of animal skins virtually obsolete. Today we make fake (funny how fashionable that word is becoming) furs that come amazingly close to the real thing in terms of warmth and beauty,

According to informed sources, the maxi-coat required the pelts of at least ten of the almost extinct tigers. One eminent zoologist believes that there are now no more than 590 tigers left alive.



SIMULATION OF ACTUAL NEWS PHOTOGRAPH USING PROFESSIONAL MODEL

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and are less expensive to buy.

With no beautiful, innocent, irreplaceable creature dying in the process.

We at Timme have a dual interest in conservation.

First, among the many consumer and industrial fabrics we make, we make 45 different fake fur fabrics. With heavy emphasis on the endangered species. Each is an uncanny replica of the real thing.

Our fakes are so good, in fact, that this year our "chinchilla" won one of the most coveted awards in the fashion industry. (Incidentally, of the 635 fabrics submitted, four of the eight awards were given for fur fakes. Which will give you some idea of the emphasis fashion authorities are putting on them.)

Our Bengal Tiger fake is so authentic, we feel, that we are sending the lady in question the coat shown at the right in the hope it will persuade her to publicly renounce her real one.

So, one part of our interest in animal conservation is business; we make fake fur and we want to sell a lot more of it.

But the other aspect of our passion for conservation is far realer to us than mere dollar profit. Like you, we are guests on

this planet. By continuing recklessly to strip it of its wildlife, poison its air and water, and in general upset the natural balance of things, we are rapidly wearing out our welcome.

At which point we will become as extinct as the hundreds of species of creatures we are sending into oblivion before us.

And at the rate we're going, if it doesn't happen in our lifetimes, it will surely happen in our children's.

And even if the penalty for destroying the animals weren't death for man–which it most certainly is–we at Timme would hate to live in a world where the only animal skins around were ours.

Fur coats shouldn't be made of fur.

E. F. TIMME & SON, INC.

E. F. Timme & Son is one of the world's leading suppliers of plush and flat fabrics for Home, Industry, Transportation. 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.



French women
have been accused of
using bath mist
to unfair advantage.

French men agree.

An unfair advantage can be something quite simple.

Like what you put on your body after the bath.

French women know that the right little something can make all the difference in the world.

Vive Le Bain knows that too.

That's why we've created Body Cologne Mist.

Something light, with just a bit of flower, to spray over your whole body.

It does precisely what you want it to.

Which is a little unfair.

But then, remember. All's fair in love and war.

Vive Le Bain™
Fragrances for the bath
Blended in U.S.A.



DURING THE BATH: Fragrance Oil, Milk Foam Bath, Foam Bath Lotion, Body Shampoo Gelee.
AFTER THE BATH: Body Cologne, Fragrance Veil, Body Cologne Mist, Body Cologne Powder.
From $2.50 to $4.00.

Follow the Fashionmakers this Fall

Fashion is creative. Individual. And to create the wonderful looks for the fashion life you lead, you can choose great fabrics, mix and match patterns, go wild with color. Fashion's at your fingertips!

And now there's a sewing machine that does nearly everything but pick out a pattern . . . right down to the last perfect buttonhole . . . The Golden *Touch & Sew**sewing machine by Singer. Finishing stitches? Take your pick. Embroidery? Of course. Basting? A mere bagatelle. Which means that virtually the only limit on a lady's creativity is the size of her closet. So today, with dozens of smashing new fashion directions to take, let yourself sew!

BE YOUR OWN FASHIONMAKER, WITH THE HELP OF THE FASHIONMAKINGS SHOWN ON THESE PAGES FROM...

SINGER*
STEVENS
VOGUE & BUTTERICK PATTERNS



*A Trademark of the Singer Company





The Fashionmakers love dashing new shapes

Gadabout goucho pants, upper left, in soft, supple wool flannel bonded to keep its shape, by Stevens. Butterick pattern 5906. Whip them up in an afternoon on a Golden *Touch & Sew** sewing machine by Singer and top them with a favorite shirt and vest.

The poncho skirt, lower left, makes the point in Stevens H_2O® machine washable wool plaid cut on the diagonal with zingy, swingy fringe all around. Butterick pattern 5905.

Right, a great fling of poncho cut extra long for added dash from Vogue pattern 7670 over a flare of pants, Vogue pattern 7748. Sew them up in Stevens Hockanum® Woodland Classic coordinates of 80% wool-20% mohair, and go—everywhere!

The fabrics and patterns on these pages are available at most Singer Stores.

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The Fashionmakers love length… every length

The midi kilt, far left, a flurry of pleats swinging low on the calf in Stevens H_2O machine washable wool plaid. Vogue pattern 7889. The shirt in a coordinated solid twill flannel, Butterick pattern 5450.

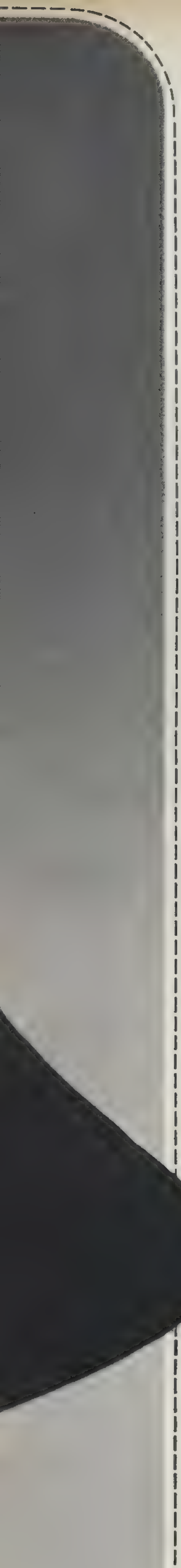
Make it a midi suit—near left—and you've got it made. In Stevens Ste-Vel® pinwale cotton corduroy, the cropped battle jacket is Butterick pattern 5559; the marvelously proportioned skirt to button as high or as low as you like is Butterick pattern 5895. And the Golden *Touch & Sew**sewing machine by Singer makes all those button holes in a breeze. Buttons by La Mode.

The evening maxi, upper right—is beautifully at home on evenings in or out. Stitched up on a Singer sewing machine in a cobra-printed textured nylon knit by Stevens, it's V'd low, tied high under the bosom. Vogue pattern 7630.

Lower right, just-below-the-knee dress in a wild animal print nylon knit by Stevens. The hip-length sleeveless jacket of bonded wool flannel. Both, Vogue pattern 7671.

The fabrics and patterns on these pages are available at most Singer Stores.

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Advertisement



The
Fashionmakers love
sleek silhouettes

Upper left, wrap up in a fireside caftan of Stevens Ste-Vel pinwale cotton corduroy... slit the sides and add a blaze of trim around the neck and clear down the front. Vogue pattern 7808. Trim from Sol Kohaner.

A long sleeveless coat over flared pants, lower left, in Stevens printed Velmirage® cotton corduroy. Vogue pattern 7778.
A snap to sew on the Golden *Touch & Sew** sewing machine by Singer. Add a silky shirt and have a party!

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makes your hair soft and shining in 60 seconds.

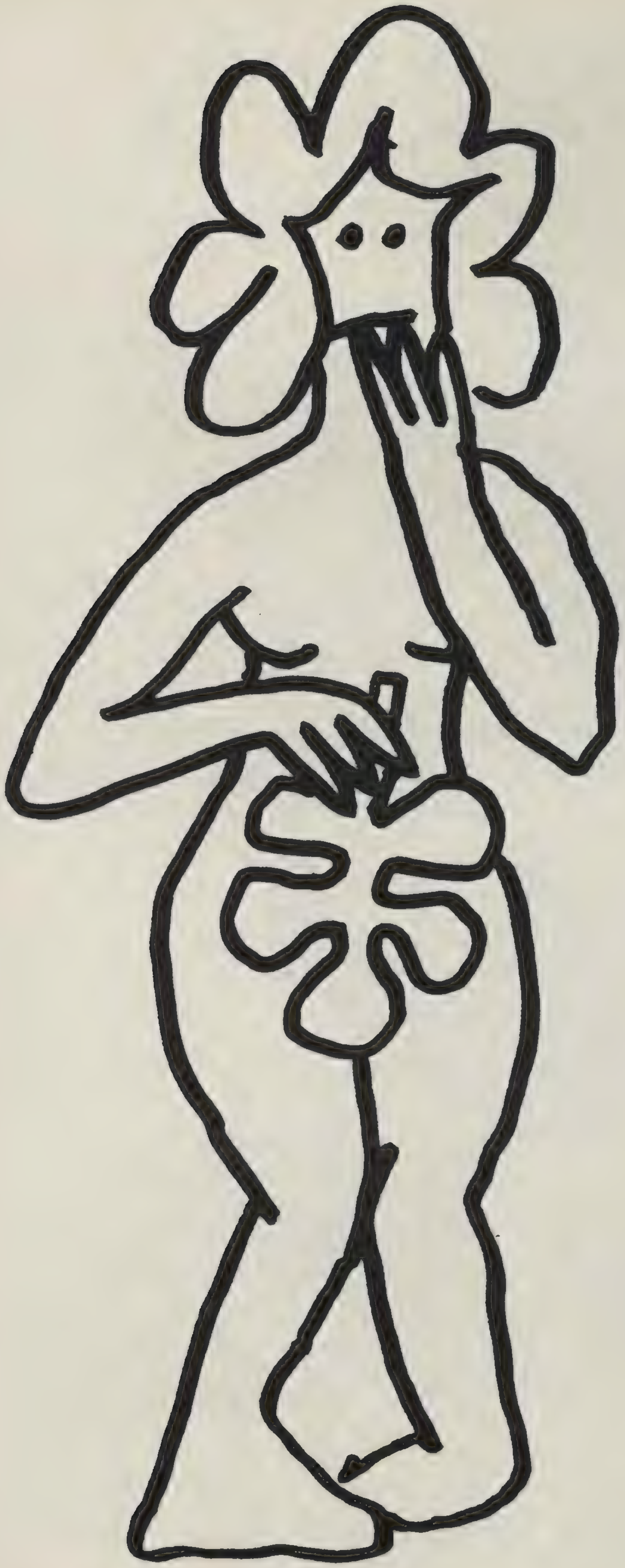
Wella Gentle Care Instant Hair Conditioner. It's fast. Fabulous. It smooths, shines, adds body. Makes your hair look and feel healthy. In one minute. Get regular Gentle Care in the blue box, or with extra body for fine hair in the pink box.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care.
Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA



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Woman is not a four-letter word.

The way some people carry on, you'd think there was something wrong with being a woman. And having a body to go with it.

They've even managed to build up a whole mystique about certain subjects.

Take the subject of douching, for instance.

Most people either don't talk about it at all, or if they do, they put things so vaguely that no one can understand what they mean.

Some just dismiss douching as "old-fashioned."

Well, we'd like to tell you the facts, and then let *you* decide who's really old-fashioned.

Every woman is aware that in the vaginal area, her body regularly produces moisture. She is also aware that after a while, the secretions can build up and feel a bit uncomfortable.

That's why douching is important. But not douching with just anything. Douching with Vagisec.

Vagisec (sold only in drugstores) is the most advanced product you can buy to relieve the moist, uncomfortable feeling that most women normally have just because they're women. (Gynecologists who recognize the need for douching have recommended it for years.)

In addition, Vagisec contains P.S.S.* which eliminates the internal bacteria that cause external odor. (So if you use it twice a week, there's not much need to use a feminine deodorant.)

(To get a small sample of Vagisec and a booklet on douching, write Julius Schmid, Inc., Box 4-V, 423 W. 55th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.)

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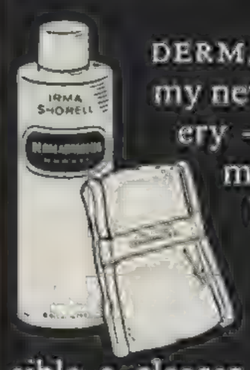
Osaka, Japan

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"It's like having A *NEW SKIN IN 7 DAYS"



DERMABRASE/35 — my new facial discovery — is one of the most remarkable breakthroughs in the care of the skin. It makes possible a clearer, younger-looking *NEW SKIN. It clarifies, stimulates, helps refine pores and brings fresh, purifying blood to the surface.

DERMABRASE/35, with its Patented Applicator, was developed in concert with a leading Dermatologist. Used as directed—it has reduced, often eliminated excess oiliness, clogged pores, skin blemishes, such as whiteheads, blackheads.

REMARKABLE RESULTS

Its dermabrasive action removed the dry, flaky, dead skin cells which form the gray lifeless veil over the *NEW LIVING SKIN in just 7 days . . . revealing the fresh, lively young skin underneath.

Non-irritating and antibacterial, it is absolutely safe for even the most sensitive skin when my regimen is followed. See for yourself—Start enjoying a clearer, glorious complexion today!

Irma Shorell

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NORDSTROM BEST, All Stores

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Rx for happy feet from dancer Sandy Duncan

She has a Goldie Hawn giggle and an energy-releasing foot wriggle. Both punctuate any conversation with the scene-stealing funny girl friend of New York's latest revival of *The Boy Friend*. "People are beginning to describe me as an actress," said pert, red-haired, 5′5½″ Sandy Duncan, whose performance won her kudos from the critics. "But I'm a dancer. I've been a dancer since I was six." According to Sandy, her brimming health and vitality stem from those dance lessons she began taking as a child in Tyler, Texas. The only illnesses she's ever had are what she describes as "dancer's" diseases. "You know," she said, "muscle and tendon pulls, and occasional foot troubles, rather like athletic injuries." The reason? Simple. Sandy spends at least ten hours a day on her feet. "Between rehearsals, practice sessions, and performances, I usually spend the day running around New York to appointments. Everyone knows the fastest way around town is on foot, but city pavements are as bad as the stage floor boards, which is to say miserable on my size sixes." Ergo: her flying feet get special care, a dancer's prescription good for anybody who wants to keep busy feet pretty and in shape. To protect against hardening and dryness, Sandy oils her feet with baby oil after every bath or shower. To get rid of calluses, she does a weekly rubbing with pumice stone. To remove parchy flakes, she wipes on mayonnaise—that's right, ordinary salad dressing—leaves it for about ten minutes, then wipes it off with a terry cloth. She also soaks her feet regularly in a cooling foot bath—one of a dozen brands from the drugstore. She always wears comfortable, well-fitting shoes, preferably with thick, medium-height heels, never puts a foot into a shoe that hasn't been well powdered. "I'm a Pisces," she related, "and that's ironic because Pisces people always have trouble with their feet. I guess we're supposed to be mermaids—not dancers." . . . (See Sandy, page 91)

Take it lying down

"Never stand when you can sit, never sit when you can lie"—to sedentary types like us, this has always seemed a splendid piece of advice. There was just one tiny drawback about following it loyally: as time went by, we seemed to get progressively flabbier. . . . We've just learned, with delight, about a new "total exercise" program—said to have remarkable body-firming and weight-losing benefits—that's performed entirely while sitting, or lying, on a mat. Called Sanasession, it's a series of eight smooth, controlled stretching-and-twisting manoeuvres that can—once you get the hang of it—be done in four minutes. In that time, almost all of the body's 600-odd muscles get a workout; nerves are relaxed, tension and stiffness eased, flabby areas firmed. The plan was devised by a young woman named Grace Jane Treber, who, while recovering from a back injury, had acquired about forty unwanted pounds. She started doing research on Yoga body-toning techniques, particularly those used for centuries by the Hunzakuts—remarkably vigorous, long-lived people who lived in the remote Himalayan valley of Hunza. The eight Sanasession movements, or "poses"—Sana comes from the Sanskrit word for pose—are based on these researches. By doing them herself, Miss Treber not only lost the extra poundage but went from a size 20 dress to a size 8. . . . An attractive young friend of ours recently embarked on the Sanasession regime. She reports: "It seemed to take quite a little effort at first, but by the third day I was going through the motions quite effortlessly. You're using your body in quite the opposite way from normal—lifting your limbs up and away from pull of gravity, twisting your body and maintaining the pose, pulling and stretching up and out from your rib cage. It's similar to basic yoga in that there's the same premise of tension versus complete relaxation. . . . I was particularly taken with the ease of approach: the simple way it's sketched out exactly what one should do. I'm feeling much more limber, more vital—and much more fit. Not much change in inches yet, but I feel trimmer already." The Sanasession book, and a prop-up chart to guide you through the poses, are $10 at Abercrombie & Fitch, Harcourt, Brace & World, and Doubleday, New York. . . . (More Beauty Checkout, page 12)



FROM CARMEN®: THE 10 MINUTE SHAPE-UP.

It's more than a fast hairset.

It's a combination fast hairset and body-builder that gets your hair into shape and keeps it that way.

How do you get it? With Carmen Thermal Activated Conditioner, a protein-based conditioning mist made specially to work with Carmen hairsetters. (Like the Carmen International, with two lighted makeup mirrors, shown here.) Just spray on the Conditioner and set your hair. (The International gives you 20 rollers, so you can set your hair any way you like. And anywhere in the world you like. The International works on any voltage.)

Ten minutes later, you're done. Your hair will look fuller and more luxurious, with sleek glossy curls that last and last.

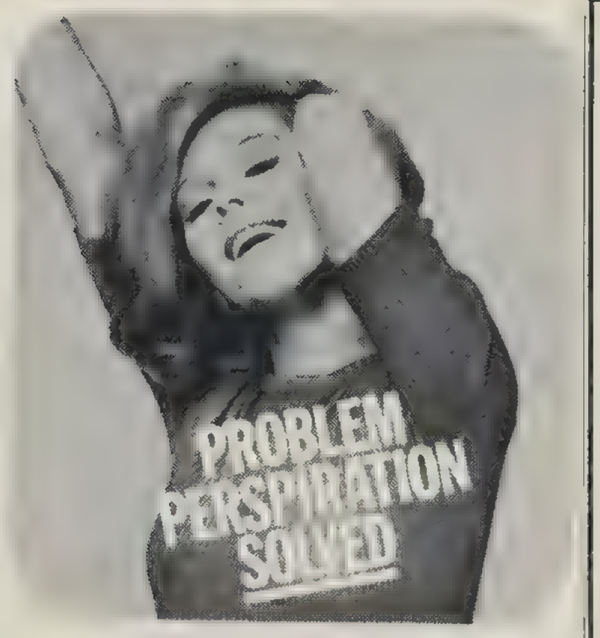
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From the people who bring you a better hairsetter.

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even for thousands who perspire heavily

A *different* formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry—even for thousands who perspire heavily. So different, it contains far more anti-wetness agent than any aerosol spray. *By anybody.* After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible—with the same safety to clothing—the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 57-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need—and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course. If you perspire more than average—even heavily—get the positive protection of Mitchum Anti-Perspirant. Liquid or cream. Each $3. Available in Canada.

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Yes, 10 minutes a day puts you on The Inside Track to leg beauty. Because The Inside Track, a lightweight, portable home-exercise unit, was invented for just one reason: to improve the shape and physical condition of your legs. And it will do it. This we guarantee. So, for lovelier legs, take just a minute and send in this coupon.

Gymnas Corp., Suite J-40, 885 No. San Antonio Rd., Los Altos, Ca 94022
Please send me the free brochure on **THE INSIDE TRACK.**

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The froth of July

If, by now, you have arrived at a warm and witchy butternut tan, and are longing *not* to follow it up with unappealing peeling, it is imperative that you moisturize nonstop. Germaine Monteil's irresistible new Super Moist Body Fluff is the sort of friend-in-need that waits airily at poolside, in the locker room, or with your sailing gear, ready to soothe and supple you all over. It whooshes out of a push-button bottle in the form of richly emollient puffed cream that sops into your skin and tactfully disappears. The lab types at Monteil tell us they have loaded Body Fluff with all sorts of worthwhile items, including A and D vitamins.

Hands across the sea

Even if you haven't got around to travelling with your own portable sauna, you surely *have* circumvented the ubiquitous hardness of bath water by taking your skin softener everywhere. Which brings us smartly to Houbigant's new Chantilly Ultra Rich Hand and Body Cream —a foamy-thick, fragrant-with-Chantilly pink mousse, tubed in featherweight pink plastic. And if it leaves your hands—and knees—and elbows—extraordinarily smooth and velvety, *myristyl myristate,* a chemical ester known and revered by Houbigant, is doubtless responsible.

Good clean fun

If you have nothing to do for the next sixty seconds, you might ponder on the inequity of how much minks do for you as against what you do for them. What is more, these selfless creatures have just lent themselves to yet another improvement scheme: New Mink Oil Soap, brought into being by Jovan, Inc., the people who make the spectacular Mink & Pearls bath capsules. The soap is a golden swirl, saturated with unique lubricants so even the anti-soap faction can wash their faces serenely. The scent is marvellously fresh and flowery.

Japanese flower arrangement

It is probable that even the Oriental woman is not fragile and boneless twenty-four hours a day, but that is her aura, and who would deny its appeal. Avon's exquisite new Hanagasa perfume would appear to have been stirred up out of all the delicate exotic charms of Japan. It was named for the traditional flower-spattered parasol of Japan and it has a curiously elusive, petals-and-grasses undertone. The cologne mist is bottled in yellow, patterned with Far-East-looking blossoms, and it may be had, as you surely know, by getting the Avon lady to call on you. (More Ready Beauty, page 30)

Cosmetic Face Treatment Originated in Europe Gives Face Younger Smoothness





TELL yourself it's true, because you'll see it happen to you, and nothing could bring you more happiness when it does. This remarkable face treatment is designed to give you the look you have desired desperately, the look so thoroughly unrevealing, your cleverest rival could not guess how old or young you really are. Yours will be the look that fascinates college seniors and retired widowers alike. The experience and charm that makes a woman so intriguing will be in your face, but less harsh will be the lines that unjustly announce the year in which you were born.

This beautifying treatment offers the advantages of a younger look which can be as permanent as you want it to be. A self-given application, with fair frequency whenever you feel so disposed, and your new look will remain with you indefinitely. Women of all ages, abroad and here, are enjoying the fruits of this very effective treatment regularly.

How To Get It For Yourself

It's in a bottle containing a non-oily, pleasantly scented emulsion named *2nd Debut*. At night, before retiring, and after your make-up has been removed and your facial skin is free from traces of cleansing cream, you smooth a small amount of *2nd Debut* over your face and neck. Spread it gently with a circular motion of your fingertips, until it vanishes. Now is when the action begins, with nothing more than just a simple and delightful few minutes each night before retiring. Instead of "lifting" your face in the usual sense, you will accomplish a similar effect by actually reducing the harsh age signs from the surface of your face.

After age 25, in the female, the cells of the skin usually begin to shrink in size due to reduced ability to obtain water and retain it. Skin then dries and "falls in." These areas are the lines that are so worrisome because lines can become wrinkles that give the "over 40" look a grasp on appearance that is difficult to break.

It is by making water moisture available to these areas in the right way that surface lines are first softened and then smoothed. This discovery by a European scientist is so important that scientific journals in many countries herald it as a major contribution to knowledge of skin care in this century.

The process is simple and natural. It is based upon resupplying to the skin the natural ingredient, or "aid", through which the surface cells obtain water-moisture. This ingredient is designated CEF, which means Cellular Expansion Factor. This "aid" to water-moisture usage, when spread over the skin's surface, actually carries with it molecules of pure water in a form the skin can use. It is then facial lines on the surface start to smooth out to become less and less visible on the surface. CEF is available in the U.S.A. in the form of a non-greasy, lightly scented emulsion labeled *2nd Debut*. You can get it in two potencies; *2nd Debut* with double potency CEF 1200 for any age in a hurry, like important engagements within the next week. This is the pink *2nd Debut*. This CEF 1200 is also the favorite of women over 35 with really serious age signs. The ivory colored CEF 600 *2nd Debut* is the original *2nd Debut* and is for the woman under thirty-five. Either will keep any woman looking younger than her years.

New Cleanser is Complete Beauty Treatment

Allowed to remain on the face one minute then flushed away with water, *2nd Debut* Skin Cleanser is a liquid that does wonders. Actually, you will say you have never seen your skin so fresh or clean-looking as after this new way of cleansing. Definitely improves surface texture.

Non-alcoholic Skin Freshener Co-operates With C E F

Created to give you the freshening finishing benefits of an active freshener, but without alcohol to aid rather than restrict the action of *2nd Debut's* super-moisturizer, C E F. It's a real "lift" for your complexion's spirits, and is delicately scented. At your favorite department stores and selected drug stores.

2nd Début
WITH CEF

ARRIVALS, LTD., Chicago, Ill. 60601, U.S.A.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

It's lovely being a sourpuss

We have always suspected that while Eve was footling around with her apple, Lilith found it more profitable to cultivate lemons which were probably doing wonders for her skin and hair. The current Eden is a veritable bower of lemon-laced pleasures, all breathing pungently and goldenly of summer. . . . ***Up the garden*** bath we go with Menley & James's revivifying new tub treats: Love's Fresh Lemon foam-fomenting Bath Gel; fragrantly emollient Love's Fresh Lemon Smoothing Lotion; totally irresistible pale yellow, frosted Love's Fresh Lemon Glossy Powder for dusting; and sleek-making Love's Fresh Lemon Body Mist. . . . ***Light-headed*** is the engaging and unexpected way you look when you spray on Clairol's just-out Lemon Go Lightly and then loll outdoors, letting the sun conspire with Clairol to gild your hair gently, gradually. Lemon Go Lightly Plus is the same deal, but a spot more aggressive in case you're either a brunette or in a hurry. Both are rife with conditioners. . . . ***Chamber trio*** for bathroom brio is composed of three new citrus-charged numbers from John Robert Powers's Fluid Gold N' Lemon repertoire: the Soap Tree consists of five scrumptious lemon-shaped cakes of sunny, scented soap, presented in arboreal form; Moisture-Enriched Body Lotion is an un-greasy allover smoother; and Hand Treatment promises to help whiten as well as soften the fragile and defenseless skin of your hands. . . . ***Out of the bain*** and into the spray—that's Jean Naté's new Spray Bath Cologne, and any nymph wafting within pushbutton range of this latest, lightest eau must smell as if she had just sped through a citrus grove carpeted with flowers. . . .

As simple as 1-2-3

A penny saved is a penny earned. Freely decoded by our resident Narcissus, this means the earlier you start taking care of your complexion, the less fussing it will need later. Skin-tending for the normal (slightly dry to slightly oily) type, should be a brisk and easy routine according to Yardley, who have newly added to their Next to Nothing group three exactingly compounded and sensibly hypo-allergenic basics for achieving and maintaining an admirable surface. You lead off with Skin Clean, a gentle milky lotion that sudses off your makeup and sluices down with water. This gets followed by Skin Fresh, the tenderest of tone-ups, and, lastly, by Skin Quench, a pristine moisture-finish that Yardley assures us is replete with special oils much like the precious ones in young skin. The bottles are prettily black and white and easily read all over.

Wetting ceremony

While it is possible, as one never stops hearing, that there are fewer great beauties around, it is also indisputable that there are many more lovely women. One would be hard put to conceive of one of them so self-assured that she did not see to it her skin was velvety, her hair shimmering, her aura fragrant and inviting. The bath is her laboratory, and she never stops experimenting with oils and gels and creams and foams to make her body skin better at thirty than it was at twenty. . . . ***Never say dry,*** as long as Alpha Keri Bath Oil is within reach. It's a light but luxurious formula that is said to reinstate the natural oils you're always scrubbing, sunning, or just plain aging away. Spray it on your wet body or drop a couple of capfuls in the tub. Either version is a joy. . . . ***Bel gel*** is the way one thinks of Neutrogena Rainbath following a refreshing bath or shower. Its agreeable purpose is to cleanse and soften every millimeter of your body in the gentlest way. You can foam it into your tub or pour it directly on a washcloth. Neutrogena's delightful amber gel is considerately cased in a plastic tube for the benefit of slippery fingers, and to make it a cinch to travel with, as well. . . . ***Air waves*** are—we like to think—those fragrant eddies that drift pervasively from a warm tub into the big outside world. Charles of the Ritz has sent forth some beguiling communiqués with Ritual, their green and plangent scent for bathing pleasures like soap and cologne, powder and bath oil, and apparently with such fervid applause that they have just now added on Ritual Velvet Perfume. This one is quite special. It has the cling of perfume, plus a talent for smoothing one's skin without a trace of oiliness. Pour it into the tub or stroke it directly on your body. And don't be surprised if it turns out to be habit-forming. . . . ***Floating on a rosy cloud*** is one of the more salubrious forms of transportation. If your elbows and thighs and dry, dry forearms have been having a rough time, just think pink. Sardo has come up with super-scrumptious Velvet Fluff Body Moisturizing Foam, a new and enjoyable way of putting the gloss back on your skin. Billows of pale pink, faintly fragrant whipped cream appear upon fingertip pressure at the top of a slender plastic cylinder, disappear into your parched pelt, and leave it suppler and smoother to the touch. The Sardo people, who certainly know volumes about skin, tell us they have done a monumental testing of Velvet Fluff and that it is head-to-heels effective, even under makeup. . . . ***Well dust me down and call me*** Vitabath—you might as well when the polishing's done with clouds of their new dusting powder. There's a fluffy puffy thing to winnow it on with and a choice of fragrance, ferny-green or florally-pink.

(More Ready Beauty, page 28)

Now, for every woman: the second deodorant™ you may need whether you know it or not.



Norforms,® the internal deodorant, stop feminine odor where it starts.

Sure, your underarm deodorant protects you. Under your arms.

But what about an even more serious odor problem—internal feminine odor? For that you need Norforms, the *second deodorant*™.

It's every woman's worry...

Internal feminine odor is different from the feminine odor that starts on the *outside* of the vaginal area, the type that sprays deal with. Internal odor is caused by germs inside every woman, germs present every day—not just once a month.

What can you do about it?

Many doctors say you shouldn't douche daily. (It's so time-consuming and messy anyway!) Even bathing every day or a feminine hygiene spray won't solve the problem. They can't get inside to give protection *internally* where this problem starts.

That's why Norforms are the perfect second deodorant. It's the internal deodorant.

Why are Norforms better?

These tiny suppositories spread an antiseptic film that kills germs. The size of your fingertip, Norforms are so easy to insert...stop odor internally where it starts.

Yet doctors have found Norforms so safe, you can use them as often as necessary to feel clean, fresh and secure.

Now you can stop odor internally. Make your second deodorant, Norforms, the internal deodorant.



Norforms are so small and easy to use.

FREE • • • 12-page booklet, "Answers to Questions Women Ask Most Often." Send coupon to: The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. V-07, Norwich, New York 13815.

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The Norwich Pharmacal Company



Three piece pants costume of 100% pure wool doubleknit, made in Italy, in black/red/plaid, brown/orange/plaid. Sizes 6 to 16. About $130.* Arbé Imports, 498 Seventh Ave., New York.

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Grand Blanc ..... Carriage Shop
Ishpeming ..... Ishpeming Style Shop
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis ..... Jackson Graves
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MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi ..... La Boutique
MISSOURI
Kansas City ..... Adler's
St. Louis ..... Bill Marre, Inc.
NEVADA
Las Vegas ..... H. B. Burnett—all stores
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester ..... Judy's Dress Shop
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City ..... McAvoy's
Asbury Park ..... Dainty Apparel
East Orange ..... Don's
Elizabeth ..... Mason-Edwards
Passaic ..... Belle's
Upper Montclair ..... Alex Gowns
NEW YORK
Albany ..... Flah's of Albany
Cedarhurst, L.I. ..... Mary Nagourney
Great Neck, L.I. ..... Jane Gail
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Allentown ..... Nan Carlby
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Dallas ..... Handel's at the Quadrangle
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UTAH
Salt Lake City ..... Raymond's
VIRGINIA
Norfolk ..... Naivette Shoppe
Richmond ..... La Vogue
WASHINGTON
Spokane ..... Hannah Kohn
WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston ..... Peck's Inc.
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee ..... Hixon's
TIJUANA, MEXICO Casa Raya

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

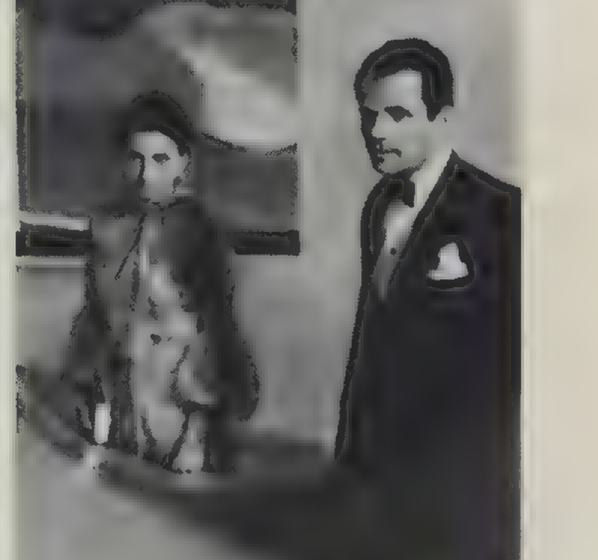
SMASHING CORCORAN BALL IN WASHINGTON, D. C.


1


3

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5

To celebrate the opening preview of the vital and enormous sculptures and paintings by Alexander Liberman, done in the past twenty years, the Corcoran Gallery of Art gave a tremendous party, its annual handsome Ball. Everything turned out big—the music, the guest list, the number of pretty women in the massive rooms, on the flaring staircase. And everything looked right.


6


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12

1. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Liberman. 2. Mr. and Mrs. James Harithas. 3. Mrs. Richard M. Powell; Mr. George E. Hamilton, junior; Mrs. Lee M. Folger. 4. Conte and Contessa Bartolomeo Attolico. 5. Sir John and Lady Sarah Riddel. 6. H. E. Egidio Ortona, the Italian Ambassador, and Mrs. Ortona. 7. Mr. David Frost, Miss Bernadette Carey, Mrs. Wynant D. Vanderpool, junior. 8. Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge, III; Mr. Philip L. Geyelin. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse. 10. Mrs. James E. Cross, Mr. Roland Homet. 11. Mr. and Mrs. James Pilgrim. 12. Mrs. Betty Parsons, Mr. Tejas Englesmith.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Max Jamison, "*funny in his unkindness*"

"Kill the dog, he's a reviewer," said Goethe. Reviewers, critics, professional faultfinders, uncreative sterile beasts—in books they get worse reviews than any they write in magazines. The nonhero, the antihero supreme of Wilfrid Sheed's sourly brilliant *Max Jamison* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), a drama critic, so maddens and desolates his former wives, his children, even his colleagues in the Critics' Circle, that Sheed's steady wit seems matched only by his courage in taking on a protagonist always prepared to disapprove.

Of course, not all critics are as hard on plays, books, people, and (finally) themselves as Max Jamison is. (After losing his second wife, he goes through an ambulatory and raunchy nervous breakdown in which he broods on himself in the "Max Jamison Story," and gives himself low marks.) But in point of fact, enough are sufficiently judgmental all the time to give them that overdeveloped emphasis on a single intellectual trait that Sheed has seized as natural to his gift of comic assault.

Wilfrid Sheed is an acidulous, serious wit in an English-Irish style not more natural to this country than his use of "queue" and "registry office." His steady epigrams are the product of a deep training in theories of original sin, a profoundly un-American belief that things do not change as much as the surface commotion suggests, an absolute interest in deceptions dear to the human heart. He is by Swift out of Evelyn Waugh, funny in his unkindness, Irish-severe in his wit. He describes Jamison "upholding standards like a minor customs official, while genius slips quietly by." "He had sensed that in educated America, humour was the number one language, for criticism, passion, even cooking: and he set about learning it with grim intelligence." He is conservative and literally brilliant, for he writes by intellectual flashes. The limitation of his novel is that, being a relative stranger, Sheed tends to rely more on unsparing observation than on real and explosive incident. *Max Jamison* is not so much a comedy of our culture as it is the farce of a personality unbelievably limited. Max moves, writes, thinks, makes love, wholly a slave to intellectual necessity.

Is anybody that much a martyr to his profession? Many American men. Although there is something *peculiarly* off-putting about a drama critic grumpily marking down wife, mistress, sons (and finally Max Jamison) as if each were another awful Broadway "production," one problem is that much of the culture around Max *is* terrible—and that "by some accident of upbringing, he thought it was all right to say what was on his mind." Not the whole story, for what makes a man *want* to say "no" most of the time? Max's *real* problem may be that "he had burned most of the bridges that led away from his current personality." That is something you can say about any man who is *nothing* but his profession. Sheed has his outsider's cold eye fixed on this lack of human alternatives, of give, of play, of impulse, of charity. In a surprise ending he suggests that wives overlook this when *they* have achieved professional status. Where everything has to be a skill, from remaking plays to making love, who escapes? Without the scorecard, how can you tell who anybody is? *Max Jamison* is too condensed. Max alone does not explain Max. He is a wholly professional man, an American tragedy.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Abstract Painting Now, "*refiners*"

Several years ago I was criticized for holding a panel called "Is Painting Dead?" Actually I did not presume that it was: I posed the question because abstract painting was being besieged on several fronts by various kinds of realist, minimalist, literalist, and theatrical forms. There were, I found, many objections to abstraction: Realists found it too remote from ordinary experience, literalists rejected illusionism on the grounds it was not a "real" enough experience. Intermedia artists, wishing to explore technology as a medium, saw abstract painting as an anachronism, the terminal phase of an exhausted easel convention. Beyond these specific objections, there was also the obvious fact that abstract painting was an élite form surviving in a culture increasingly determined by mass tastes.

These objections to abstract painting are objections that have been made in the past. Between the two World Wars, a similarly chaotic political situation existed. During that period, formerly advanced painters such as André Derain and Henri Matisse developed conservative styles. In many ways the present has much in common with the so-called *détente* following World War I. The recrudescence of Dada, Surrealist, and theatrical provocations seems more appropriate today to many artists than making paintings to please Matisse's "tired businessman."

As far as abstraction is concerned, Matisse's *odalisques* and exotic interiors of the 'twenties and 'thirties, so much tamer than what he did before or after, are a precedent for conservatism now among abstract painters. To many, this particularly troubled and confused time seems not the best moment to take any unnecessary risks or make any new revolutions. Rather, it appears the ideal situation in which to consolidate advances made earlier.

In this sense, abstract painting today is in a *détente* phase. The particular falseness of the moment, however, is that the old rhetoric of risk and revolution is still being used. Painting today is certainly not in any art historical sense of the word an "advanced" form—which is to say nothing about its quality. Today, a number of our best painters, including both Darby Bannard and Jasper Johns, are reviewing Impressionism, a pre-Cubist as opposed to a post-Cubist style. Indeed, for many reasons, the key to abstract painting in the 'seventies may be a re-evaluation of Impressionism. Jackson Pollock seemed to think so, since his last paintings, done after he abandoned dripping, pick up where Claude Monet left off.

Some gifted abstractionists today, however, are still creating works that have more to do with Cubist shape and design than with Impressionist concerns regarding surface. The exhibitions in New York of Robert Goodnough at the Tibor de Nagy Art Gallery, Calvert Coggeshall at the Betty Parsons Gallery, James Bishop at the Fischbach Gallery, and Ludwig Sander at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery were technically superb and conceptually solid. Essentially, these artists are refiners not revolutionaries. Because of their very seriousness, they establish a level of competence and intelligence that allows abstract painting to continue as a viable form. Goodnough's pale clusters of slivered shapes, for example, are his finest and most original paintings. And it is *originality*, at this moment when the term innovation has been so abused, that we perhaps ought to focus on.

You just wait! Someday we'll be able to wear any bathing suit we want. Someday we'll be able to vote. Someday we'll be able to smoke just like a man. Someday we'll even have our own cigarette.

That'll be the day.

That'll be the day.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Showstoppers of British Columbia

Victoria

The great gone life of the Canadian Indian bursts into energy in the new Provincial Museum of grey marble, beige stone, and Gothic arches in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. It's an ecologist's marvel, a viewer's unending delight. Placed near the old Parliament Building, a Viennese torte in stone outlined in lights at night, the Museum is given over to the Province's natural and human history. In the dramatic entrance, curtains of water frame a massive sculpture of life-size Indians in a whaling canoe. Riding the exceptionally long escalators, visitors come nose to nose with the highest figures on totem poles. Beyond the Museum's pools and stark rock gardens stands a new airy belfry with a carillon made in Holland and dedicated by Queen Juliana on her visit here in 1968. Behind the Museum, in Thunderbird Park with superb examples of totem poles, the fascination is a famous Indian craftsman (live) hacking away on a totem pole—a tank-thick freshly hewn log.

On pocket-size Bastion Square near the harbour, a narrow 1880's red-brick building, once a hotel for English remittance men, later used for an office, a brothel, and a warehouse, now shines as the Village Fair, a zippy shopping arcade where the young and the hippies drift in. Rusty anchors, ships' pulleys, and polished breastplates flash on the restored brick walls. The new brick Centennial Square, like an arena centred around a mosaic totem-pole fountain, draws mostly old people who meet and sun on benches for hours. Edging the square, there is City Hall, grey with white trim and blue window boxes dripping geraniums, and its turreted white clocktower; the new brick McPherson Playhouse banked with flowerbeds; and, in the white block behind it, the City Jail.

The newest excitement in Sealand, an aquarium, is a rare, white killer whale, a thirteen-foot albino weighing about two thousand, five hundred pounds and living on a daily diet of one hundred pounds of herring.

In this relaxed, flower-filled city, they call the monstrous black steel Johnson lift-bridge, which often ties up traffic in late afternoon, the million-dollar headache. Topping the list of old-fashioned establishments, the Empress, an ivy-wrapped monumental hotel with enormous guestrooms, has checked blankets marked Canadian Pacific. Close by, Rogers' Chocolates, unchanged since 1885, makes especially delicious chocolate creams, each wrapped in pink houndstooth-checked paper printed in England and packed in a box covered in grained red paper.

Vancouver

The dream way of travelling—flying door-to-door from one city hotel to a hotel in another city—is a reality in British Columbia. From Victoria's Empress Hotel, guests may take off on chartered floatplanes from the hotel's jetty and forty minutes later step off in the centre of Vancouver at the new Bayshore Inn, a very good hotel with splendid services and a remarkably fine Trader Vic's restaurant. Because of port rules, floatplanes bounce through the harbours like speedboats, then lift off for a lovely flight over the masses of islands, green as spinach on Wedgwood.

Vancouver booms with big business. Its newest landmarks are stunning, bold skyscrapers. Roberts Bank, its sixty-day-old deep-sea port, Canada's largest port only for coal, will load five million tons of coal a year for shipment to Japan. Eleven Canadian Pacific locomotives haul eighty-eight glossy coal cars resembling lacquer-red streamers almost a mile and a half long.

Standing in fir trees and a halo of snowed peaks, the massive new Simon Fraser University is entirely constructed of concrete, even the lattice over the long mall, the king-size-bed slabs for benches, and street-broad flights of stairs that seem to lead only to sky. When weather conditions are CAVU (ceiling and visibility unlimited, in aeronautical jargon), which they are often, Vancouver below may be shrouded in smog.

Short downhill streets end at the wharfs, a wet, scrubbed labyrinth fenced in wire. At the Murray Fish Company, salmon and halibut—glittering from the sea—fill bins packed with ice; in others, crabs wriggle the ice. In small rooms, old Chinese women with round baby faces popping out of kerchiefs sit around tables shelling very small shrimp (slightly bigger than big ants). Speed blurs their fingers, but matches their shrill chatter. *Note:* Many places in Vancouver, in addition to Murray's, ship fresh shrimp and crabmeat packed in jars, oysters, whole crabs, fresh salmon as well as sides of sugar-cured smoked salmon. In Vancouver, salmon is big business.

Some names, well known beyond the province, belong to the Vancouver scene. It is the hometown of The Poppy Family, a top rock group. Garibaldi is a peak with superb skiing. Helicopters —taking up where the lift leaves off—transport serious skiers to the summit. Also by chopper: guided glacier trips.

Near the waterfront, some professors go regularly to Aki, an unpretentious Japanese restaurant, for delicious food—particularly the raw fish. When Greek freighters are in port, and they are often, the Greek Village, an inexpensive restaurant with Greek food and wines, fills up with Greeks. With a jukebox blaring Greek music, the place sounds and looks like a *taverna* transplanted from Piraeus, the seaport of Athens.

Gastown, the eighteen-nineties part of town of red-brick warehouses, closed hotels, and active pubs (beer, twenty cents), is where the young action is. Revived by paint and polish, a former coffee-and-spice warehouse is now an enormous restaurant called The Old Spaghetti Factory: barber chairs for bar stools, an old trolley on real tracks used for an extra dining room. Complete dinners cost $1.75. A wiry Parisian runs Le Petit Montmartre, an agreeable restaurant with about a dozen tables covered with burgundy cloths, a few more on a balcony, and a silver tureen at the entrance. Open for lunch and dinner; good *plats du jour*. With the exception of trees planted in beer barrels, Gastown preserves a severe façade, new fun goings-on do not show.

Wedged between brokerage firms and the stock exchange, Derek London's is a small hairdressing place where the business of getting the hair done is far more pleasure than pain. For shampoos, women stretch out horizontally on cinnamon-brown lounge chairs under unglaring lights. The staff are experts in the cut-and-blow-dry technique, a system that helps weather Vancouver's ocean air.

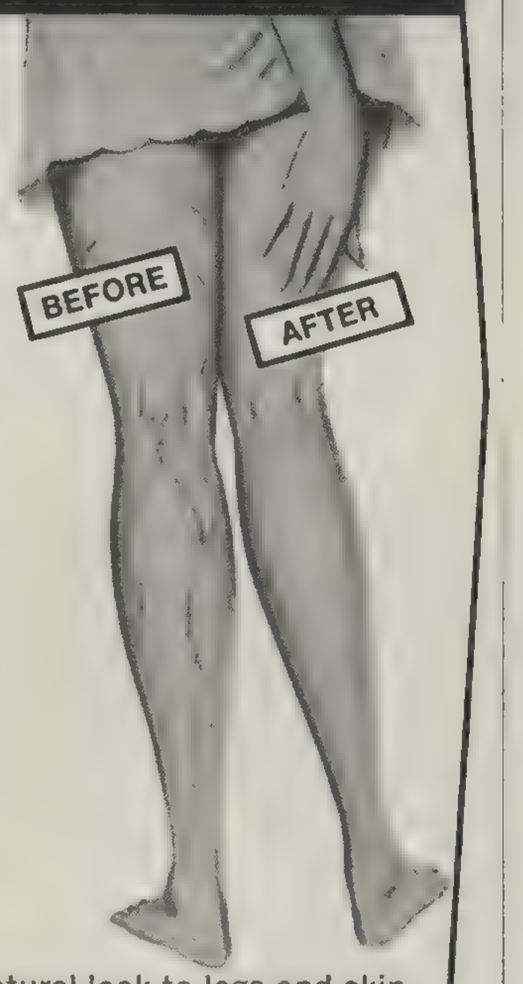
Intermedia, a thriving laboratory for the Visual Arts backed by the Canada Council, draws architects, sculptors, painters, light-sculptors, composers, poets, and filmmakers who experiment seriously in mixed media. Every June, the momentum of their efforts is shown and heard at the Vancouver Art Gallery; open all year, it is British Columbia's exciting art showcase.

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Vogue's Spotlight: Travel

(Continued from page 36)

Greece: Instant Delights

"We landed at the beach at Skyros to the glee of the islanders," said a spirited Athenian couple who, on the spur of the moment one sunny Sunday morning in Athens, chartered a helicopter and flew to Skyros. After a walk around the dove-white town, a swim and lunch, they flew back to Athens. Flying time: forty-five minutes each way. The usual trip from Athens to Skyros, an island of the Northern Sporades group in the Aegean Sea, with travel by car and ferry, or by sailing from Piraeus, Athens' seaport, takes a full day.

Distances in Greece are short as the crow flies. Zeroing in by helicopter on the noble monuments, a new way to the Greek scene, is especially good for visitors on a tight schedule. With the freedom of birds, helicopters take off and drop down almost anywhere that measures thirty yards across. Olympic Airways now has a fleet of whirlybirds for charter—some hold six passengers and some four, not counting the pilot. Here, suggestions for three one-day trips to fill the heart.

One target might be the Peloponnesus, the leaf-shaped great point of southern Greece, separated from the rest of Greece by the thin blue thread of the Corinth Canal. Twenty minutes after leaving Athens rises Acrocorinth, a sharp peak circled with mediaeval fortress walls, and, down below, as if guardian of the isthmus, stands the Temple of Apollo, built about 600 B.C. (Its noble columns are not made up of drums, but are monoliths.)

Ten minutes south, the helicopter could drop down for landing at Mycenae, that serene, ghost-grey citadel in stone on the golden plain of Argos. A few minutes away by air are the remnants of the fortifications of Tiryns, built of Cyclopean-sized rocks. Visitors could be deposited on the long strand of beach at Nauplia to swim and lunch. From there, after a ten-minute flight, they would be over the Theatre of Epidaurus, an acoustical masterpiece. In a grove, nearby, are the intricate circular foundations of the Sanctuary of Asclepius, the god of healing; the museum has some remarkable fragments and extraordinary Corinthian capitals from the Sanctuary. Heading back to Athens over the Saronic Gulf, one would see on a pine hill on the island of Aegina the butter-yellow Temple of Athene Aphaia.

For four people flying thus on a chartered Olympic Airways helicopter, the cost is $300, including three hours on the ground. Lunch is extra, but most visitors pack a picnic basket: tomatoes, feta cheese, figs, grapes, melons, and wine.

A double-header could be a flight to Delphi, that stern, awesome sanctuary on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, with a stopover at the Byzantine Monastery of Hosios Loukas to see its interior walls covered completely in sombre mosaics. Total flying time from Athens and back: two hours and twenty-five minutes. The cost: $425 for four persons, includes four hours waiting time.

Glinting in sunlight, the acres of marble ruins with their yellowing marble lions on the island of Delos lie sixty-five air minutes from Athens. Five air minutes separate Delos from Mykonos, that ravishing Cycladic island. The flight by chartered chopper for four persons, $384, includes a four-hour wait—just enough time to wander around the two islands.

Olympic's network covers Greece. Its new Japanese planes carrying about sixty passengers fly to cities near historied ground: to Crete, Rhodes, and Andravida, an airport twenty minutes by taxi from Olympia. Possibilities: round trip to Crete, about $26 for one person; to Andravida, $19.20. In addition, Olympic Airways' jets crisscross over Europe and across the Atlantic to the United States. *Note:* Passengers may *not* dance in the aisles.

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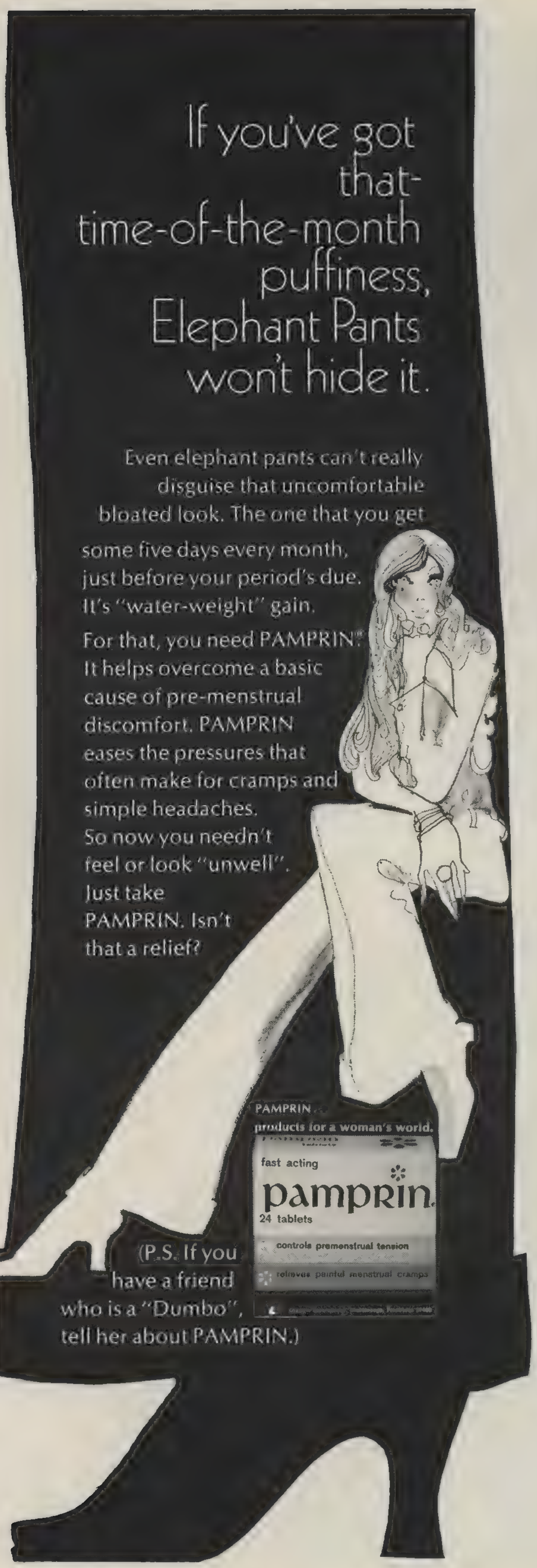


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Virgin and the Gypsy, "*tact*"

With *The Virgin and the Gypsy* we are back again in Lawrence country—the English Midlands, the green meadows, the placid streams, two young sisters with their floppy hats, tremulous glances, and repressed passions. They have just returned from school in France to the village rectory, where their father presides over a household grown mean and stagnant under its air of comfortable solidity. Then Yvette, the more defiant of the sisters, encounters a gypsy who, in the Lawrentian manner, awakens and liberates her. A dam breaks, both actually and symbolically, and the girl comes to life amid the rushing waters.

D. H. Lawrence wrote this charming novella in the mid-twenties and died before he could put it in final form. Alan Plater's screenplay expands the original with tact and intelligence. He retains a great deal of the original dialogue, amplifies hints in the book, as in the striking scene when the maiden aunt faces the nightly ritual of going to bed with her mother, and remedies flaws, as in the lack of preparation in the novel for the climactic flood. Christopher Miles, who directed, was not born until 1939, but he evokes the atmosphere of the early 'twenties with archaeological reverence.

He is well served by his actors. Joanna Shimkus is flawless as Yvette, so dashing and unconventional on the outside, so tangled and tied up inside. Maurice Denham reproduces Lawrence's rector superbly, with his sarcastic little jokes and the meanness beneath his pomposity. Only Franco Nero as the gypsy never becomes more than a stereotype, but Lawrence's gypsy was pretty much a stereotype, too. As a novel, *The Virgin and the Gypsy* lacked the dark intensities of, say, *Women in Love;* the film version is both less ambitious and more successful than Ken Russell's interesting rendition of *Women in Love* earlier this year.

Too Late the Hero, "*masculine*"

Robert Aldrich, Hollywood's specialist in Grand Guignol, has long enjoyed an inflated reputation, especially in France, because of a series of nasty films like *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* and *The Dirty Dozen.* His appeal is to sadomasochistic proclivities, and he plays upon his audience with all the subtlety of a cement mixer. *Too Late the Hero* finds him in a relatively subdued and old-fashioned mood.

It is a film about an American officer who speaks Japanese and finds himself unwillingly attached to a British patrol setting out to destroy a Japanese base on a Pacific island in World War II. There are slight reminiscences of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*—Cliff Robertson has the William Holden rôle here—but, in style and mood, *Too Late the Hero* is more in the manner of a war film out of the late 'forties.

Aldrich gets some affable comic-strip fun out of the contrasts between American and British military mores; and he has in Michael Caine, Denholm Elliott, and Harry Andrews a splendid anthology of British types. The Japanese come off a good deal more softhearted than in the old days. The plot is notably lacking in ingenuity; very little is made, for example, of the American officer's capacity to speak Japanese. Gerald Fried's score is exceptionally loud and banal. As a whole, though, the film is unpretentious, masculine, and rather entertaining.

MEXICO



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VOGUE'S

FOOD GAZETTE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

MENU
(recipes given for starred dishes)

Thin buttered slices of
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rolled around
ASPARAGUS SPEARS,
lightly cooked and salted

CRAB QUICHE*

RAW VEGETABLE SPRIGS,
lightly seasoned but no mayonnaise

Thin slices various imported
HAMS AND MEATS

CHEESES
including Fol Amour (with the taste of Camembert), St. Marcellin, wrapped in vine leaves, Boursin, either peppered or herbed

NO-NAME DESSERT
with Rosewater Marmalade*

VIN ROSÉ—ICED MINT TEA—ICED APPLE JUICE

NOTES: A HAPPY PICNIC NEEDS SOME PRIVACY. SPEAR THE GROUND WITH SHARPENED BAMBOO POLES TO DRAPE A FRAGILE WALL OF COLOUR WITH CALICO OR QUILTS. TIE DRIED FLOWERS TO THE POLES. ON THE GRASS LAY ARABIAN RUGS OR PRINTED-CLOTH CUSHIONS. BASKETS AND WINE BOTTLES ARE GYPSY-TIED WITH COTTON KERCHIEFS.

The asparagus rolls were the specialty of Gunter's in London in the 'forties. No dips for the raw vegetables. The hams, meats, and cheeses can usually be found in shops around the country, but in New York, especially at William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue. Telephone: (212) BU 8-0501. The No-Name Dessert was given to me by two Moroccan sprites, Colette and Stella, who own the no-name shop at 321 East Ninth Street, New York. Telephone: (212) 473-9649. One of their grandmothers in Marrakesh gave them the recipe. The delight of cooking it over the weekend is that the house is scented by the gardens of Morocco. Perhaps some company will bottle this aroma, calling it "Cooks' Caress."

MOROCCAN PICNIC IN THE U.S.A.



Picnic stuff, from New York stores, *above and left:* The Ethiopian baskets, from Important Africa, Ltd., 228 East 80th Street; the plates of pewter-like Armetale, from Tablerie Inc., 1033 Third Avenue; the pewter goblets, from Fortunoff, 124 East 57th Street; the Indian bedspreads, from Sona The Golden One, 11 East 55th Street; the Persian Killim rugs, from Odyssey Imports, Ltd., 49 Greenwich Avenue.

CRAB QUICHE

2 8-INCH PASTRY SHELLS (may be frozen)
3 EGGS
2 CUPS HEAVY CREAM
SALT
PINCH OF NUTMEG
PINCH OF CAYENNE
LARGE PINCH POWDERED SAFFRON
2 TABLESPOONS CURRY POWDER
1 TEASPOON PERNOD
½ POUND COOKED FRESH CRABMEAT, CAREFULLY FLAKED

Bake pastry shells 10 minutes at 350° (line with foil and a layer of beans to keep shape during baking). Lightly beat eggs with cream; add seasonings and crabmeat. Cook over very low heat or in double boiler until slightly thickened. Pour into pastry shells; bake at 350° for 20 minutes, or until just set. Serve warm, but not hot. Pies may be made a day ahead, refrigerated, and rewarmed.

ROSEWATER MARMALADE

1 dozen juicy seedless oranges
Sugar
Cinnamon
⅔ quart rosé wine
⅓ quart rosewater *(buy at drugstore)*

Slice washed, *unpeeled* oranges very thin. Fill 1-quart earthenware casserole with layers of orange slices, alternating with sprinklings of sugar and cinnamon. Add wine and rosewater to fill. Cook without stirring over very, very low heat for 24 to 48 hours, keeping the dish covered two-thirds of the time and adding more mixed wine and rosewater if needed. Marmalade is finished when it is dark and syrupy and the fruit, keeping its form, is completely soft. Chill and serve with vanilla ice cream.

CLAUDE PICASSO

PLAYTEX® FIRST-DAY™ TAMPON.

The first truly different tampon in 30 years.

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

But most tampons look alike. They've varied very little since they were introduced more than 30 years ago.

PLAYTEX FELT IT WAS TIME FOR A CHANGE.

Because, let's be honest, lots of tampons simply don't do the job they ought to. Particularly on the first days of your period. That's when mishaps most often happen. Because the first or second day is usually the worst day—when you flow the heaviest, and need the greatest protection.

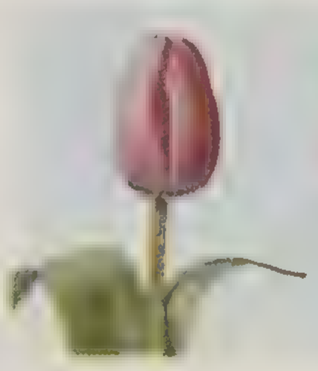
WITH THAT IN MIND

Playtex redesigned the tampon. We felt, if we could solve the mishap problem, we could make an altogether better-protecting tampon. So we changed it, totally, both inside and out. And even gave it a new name.

WE CALL IT THE FIRST-DAY TAMPON.

Because that best describes its improvement over ordinary tampons. It's so absorbent, it even protects on your first day, your worst day. That's because it's self-adjusting—it fans out and adjusts to your own personal inner figure as no other tampon can. Protects every inside inch of you.

THINK OF A FLOWER.



A tulip that's closed. Now, imagine it open, in full bloom. That's the way the Playtex First-Day Tampon acts to protect you. It blooms. Flowers out. Fluffs out. Forms a cup to absorb moisture in a new way. And the more it absorbs, the more it blooms. Yet, it always fits comfortably, and fits naturally. It also removes easily, because it closes readily when withdrawn.

HOW IS IT DIFFERENT FROM ORDINARY TAMPONS?

They're straight up and down, and retain this shape even when exposed to moisture. So there's nothing to stop a heavier flow.

SEE THIS UNIQUE BLOOMING ACTION YOURSELF.



By dipping a Playtex tampon and an ordinary tampon in water. The ordinary tampon thins and flattens out, doesn't change its shape appreciably. But moisture makes the Playtex tampon fan out, expand, take on a different shape.

TESTS PROVED
WE HAD MADE A BETTER TAMPON.

For more than a year, we conducted laboratory comparison tests, and in every case the Playtex tampon proved to be more absorbent. Actually 45% more absorbent on the average than the leading tampon. So now you don't have to worry about mishaps anymore. With all this extra absorbency, you can't help but feel secure.



WE ALSO DESIGNED A BETTER APPLICATOR.



SOFT, CLEAR PLASTIC.
FLEXIBLE, GENTLE, EASIER TO USE.

To make insertion easier, we changed the applicator to plastic. Those stiff cardboardy applicators sometimes pinch. Not ours. It's all soft, gentle, clear plastic, so its smooth, satin finish acts like a self-lubricator. Makes it easier to use your first day or last.

Playtex is the registered trademark of International Playtex Corp., Dover, Del. © 1970 International Playtex Corp.



PLAYTEX® FIRST-DAY TAMPON.
IT DOES EVERYTHING A TAMPON OUGHT TO.
HONEST.

HOROSCOPE

July 1 through July 31

ARIES, March 21-April 20. This July, when the Sun (power) is joined in Cancer (Water) by Mercury (messages) and your ruler, Mars, concentrate on family. Resolve an old problem the first three days. At the new moon (3rd), you are caught between two business partners. Usually resourceful, you may be too emotional to rise to this demand. All ends successfully on the 7th or 9th. If your advice is sought on the 10th, do not give it; remain neutral on the 11th and 12th; your judgment may be too extravagant. You feel inspired on the 15th, 16th, 17th: Mars is aided by dreamy Neptune, making these July's best days. Mars enters Leo (Fire) on the 18th, bringing adventure, rewards on the 26th and 27th.

TAURUS, April 21-May 20. *The Sun in Cancer (Water) is good for your Earth quality. This combination begins to thrive after the new moon on the 3rd, but wait until the 6th to resolve a matter of the heart, the family, or a dear wish. Develop business prospects on the 10th and 11th. Be alert; you could be deceived in a financial matter that would have far-reaching consequences. An exciting suggestion on the 14th is worth investigating. Information reaching you on the 17th has surprising possibilities. The scene changes at the full moon on the 17th, when your ruler, Venus, enters Virgo. You are asked to do something new that you enjoy, with new associates. The 25th to the 30th you are happily involved.*

GEMINI, May 21-June 21. With Mars (action), Mercury (advertising), and the Sun (achievement) in your house of values and income, you are offered three opportunities. You are versatile, could take all three. After the new moon on the 3rd, you are pressured by commitments until the 12th. Then: a choice. If you take the distant reward, you will have chosen well. When Mercury, your ruler, enters Leo on the 14th, you will turn to love. A happy proposal comes on the 17th; spend the weekend alone to study your answer. Take your time; on the 25th, answers to your pertinent questions point up the responsibility involved. Decide on the 29th: your prize day. The 30th brings a financial windfall and, later, a message that confuses you.

CANCER, June 22-July 22. This month is the year's highlight for you, with Mars (action), Mercury (business offerings), and the Sun emphasizing your business potential. If you concentrate on business and keep the pace set by this planetary array, it should be a most successful month financially. The 3rd and 4th set the scene; the 6th and 7th show the best way to carry out the program. Late on the 13th, delays and wrong answers cause a momentary stay; much depends on how an older associate is handled. After the 17th, when Mars leaves your sign, the pressure lifts. Clear sailing from the 20th to the 25th. If you weekend away, you may have to give way to a friend. Save the 30th for personal joy.

LEO, July 23-August 23. *With Venus—planet of luxury, fun, and parties—in your sign, the first eleven days are social. After the 13th, whatever you are planning should be kept hidden until the 17th. Then, serious business duties replace pleasure. You begin a new cycle, involving financial improvement. From the 26th to the 31st, an unexpected issue requires skillful handling. Mars will occupy Leo for some time, forcing great activity in your new program. On the 30th the best methods to secure the financial outcome are revealed. Success depends on how this last week is analyzed. In this important period in your life, Jupiter is in your house of hopes and wishes; powerful friends will support you.*

VIRGO, August 24-September 22. When your ruler, Mercury, is confronted by Uranus on the 2nd, a surprising fact alters your program for the month. On the 9th, your plans fall into patterns, particularly those formed long ago. Continue to promote them until the 14th. After the 15th, when Mercury moves into Leo, your work will have an authority and a creative quality that attract an important associate on the 18th. For the rest of the month, Venus is in your sign bringing assurance and success. A disappointment on the 20th is temporary. Good news comes from official partners on the 29th—the best day of the month. On the 30th, a deceptive atmosphere could undermine your confidence. It will fade if you remain uninvolved.

LIBRA, September 23-October 23. With your ruler, Venus, in Leo the first eleven days, you would prefer your social life as usual. But on the 3rd, the new moon, duty sends you in another direction until the 11th: a difficult day, confusing and contradictory. When Venus enters Virgo (service) on the 12th, you will be pressured toward work for the rest of the month. A surprise on the 17th brings excitement to your job. Your judgment is challenged on the 23rd; if you give an opinion, it may backfire on the 25th. Not until the 31st do you reach the peaceful, organized working atmosphere you love. It surprises those who think you only party-conscious to see how involved you can be in working with beauty or people.

SCORPIO, October 24-November 22. *You have the history-making planet, Neptune, back in your sign, promising realization of your dreams. But Saturn is in your opposite sign, Taurus, so you will need good plans. Deal tactfully with those involved to be sure of cooperation. Mars, your ruler, is in Cancer, a sign that works to your advantage until the 17th. Between the 18th and the 23rd, you will be asked to sign an important contract. An emergency on the 26th may force you to work to meet a deadline on the 27th—brightest day of the month for you. A friendship made during this involvement should be cultivated; it leads to happy surprises. The 29th is the time to analyze the potential of the new friend's offerings.*

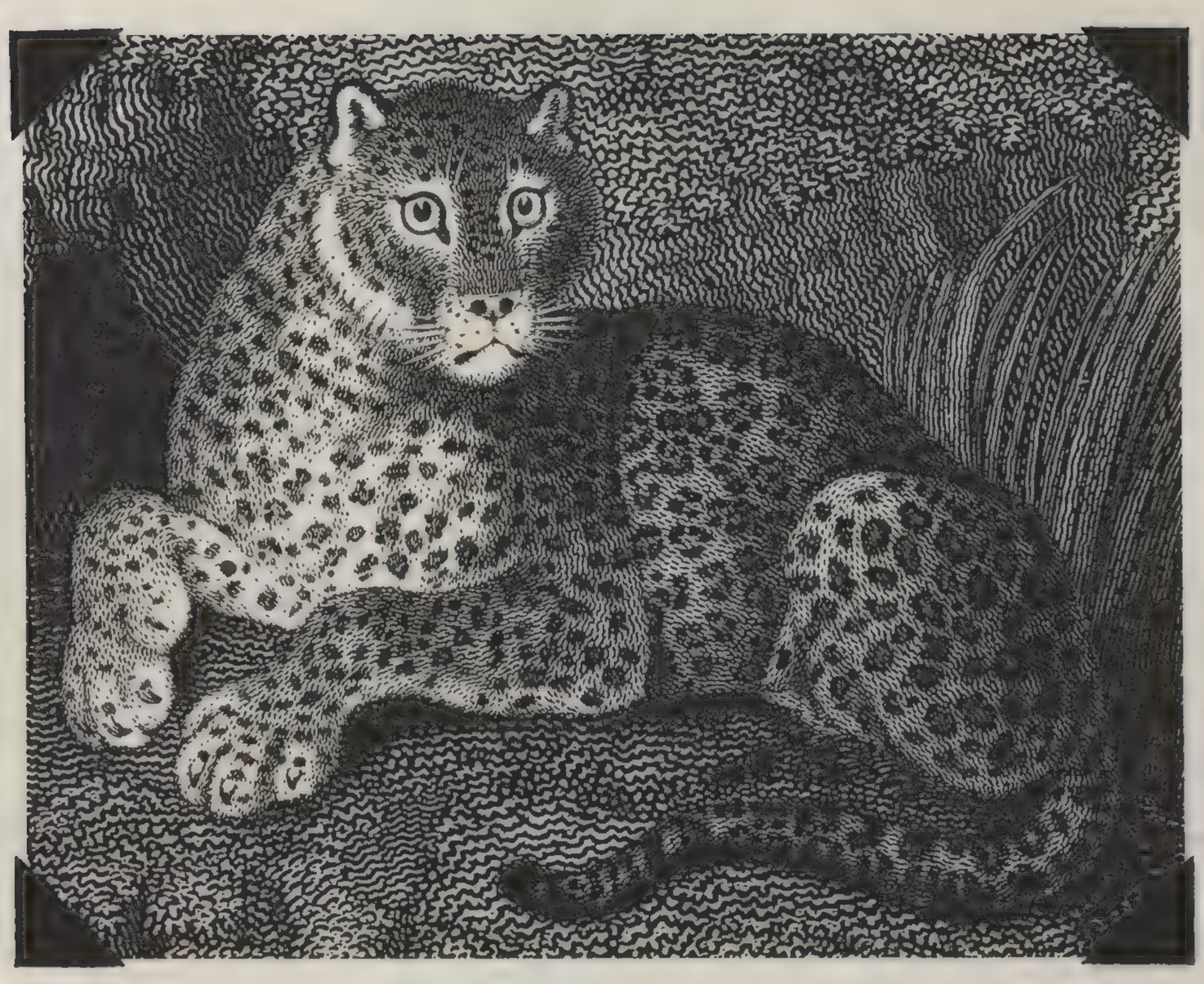
SAGITTARIUS, November 23-December 21. When your ruler, Jupiter, returns to Libra you can expect a change of rôles. On the 2nd, a partner wishes to end the alliance; if you do not wish to part, fortify at once by returning to a past habit that represents security to you. The new moon on the 3rd compounds the tension. Play for time until the 9th, then consolidate the relationship with a written contract and a valuable present—a symbol of a promising future. From the 13th to the 17th, complete as many business enterprises as possible; this is the best promotional period. Spend the remainder of the month travelling in search of ideas to sell to the companies you are now attracting. The time is right now, too, for love.

CAPRICORN, December 22-January 19. Your ruling planet, Saturn, in Taurus (Earth), is aided by having Mars in Cancer (Water) as an *agent provocateur*. On the 1st and 2nd, much emotion is involved in your activities. At the new moon (3rd), a frustration switches your interests toward a new challenge. Handle others diplomatically until the 11th. Your natural talent for organization is used totally from the 13th to the 17th, and the weekend of the 18th prepares you for future duties. From the 23rd on, you supervise others in a demanding campaign. The 25th is not your day; you feel depleted and decisions are enervating. On the 31st you will be praised for handling this month of diverse issues well.

AQUARIUS, January 20-February 18. *So many issues are open to you that it is difficult to choose your course. On the 2nd, you receive a perverse answer to your first move. The new moon on the 3rd consolidates your diverse affairs. Until the 13th, prepare for the time when action will slant in your direction. On the 16th, two new associates start you on an entirely different program, one by circulating a message and the other by making it serviceable. Push all your ideas until the 25th. On the 26th, you will realize that the month is ending in new accomplishments. If there are loose ends, tie them on the most harmonious day: the 27th. After seven that evening, you receive a message that brings you joy.*

PISCES, February 19-March 20. Your ruler, Neptune, is back again in the powerful sign of Scorpio, giving you authority and influence—especially if you make use of beneficent Jupiter: your best judgment. This could be a month of historical importance, if needed ideas can be put into the hands of the public during the first ten days. The 11th is difficult: Something of value is lost. The 13th is a good day to announce the solution to an urgent problem. Go into action and campaign on the 15th, 16th, and 17th for what you believe to be right. From the 18th to the end of the month, you can sell your program with total cooperation from your associates. The day to meditate and rest on accomplishment is the 30th.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



EXTINCT, 1970?

In the past 50 years more than 80 species of wild animals have disappeared from the face of the earth. They have systematically been poached, hunted and killed faster than they could reproduce.

Today, in a civilization that knows better, it's an incredible commentary that two more of wildlife's most beautiful creatures, the leopard and the cheetah, are slowly becoming extinct. Not for food, nor for safety, nor for warmth. They are being sacrificed for fashion, of all things. It seems women, not knowing the truth, found spotted furs beautiful to wear. And because of cost, the leopard has perhaps become "the" status coat of the century.

Humane men and women have at last begun to mount a protest that hopefully will convince women not to buy a coat made of these pelts. If this is a possibility, the greedy hunters will leave these animals in peace.

There is an alternative if you truly love the spotted look. Union Carbide's Dynel® modacrylic fiber has been available for years. It is not imitation leopard or cheetah, though it can most certainly look like it. This fiber makes into fabrics that cut and shape beautifully, fabrics that are light, warm and wrinkle-resistant. Rain can't hurt them. It's a great man-made invention that kills nothing, hurts nothing, eliminates no species of beautiful things on this earth.

it's not dead anything, it's live Dynel.

UNION CARBIDE

MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

"Fry your buttons"—

the ***Nino Cerruti*** recipe for giving brash brass ones a more appealing "ambiguous" patina. Drop like eggs into hot butter. Then, attach to a Cerruti 1881 blazer from Best & Co.



Essential addresses

in New York: ***John de Coney, 822 Madison Avenue;*** tel: 628-2070. Two-storey salon of the hip uptown barber who understands the right styling for pre and post Woodstock generations. The cutting aims to give a man just the right amount more hair at sides and back to correct the shape of the head, encourage density of growth. Wash and cut, $15 by de Coney, $10 by his assistants. ***Miss Katherine Thompsen, Hotel Plaza Barbershop, Fifth Avenue at 58th.*** PL 9-3000. Book ahead for the lady manicurist New York men swear by. $3. ***Don Lee, 130 West 57th Street;*** 245-9134. For $7 a session, scalp is massaged, hair treated with complex, un-named formulas to coax it into well-being, maybe even growing in stronger, thicker.

Japanese:

"All one sees that's ***Japanese***" . . . just the ticket now, Los Angeles the place to look for finds from Japan such as the robe that ***Sterling St. Jacques*** wears, right. Made by the Ainu tribes of Japan's far north, it's of shadow-striped cotton in a soft mulberry colour appliquéd with black cotton and over-stitched in intricate, severe patterns of coarse wool in chalk white and creamy tones. $200 from a small, one-of-a-kind collection at Chequer West, 8620 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles. ***Julian*** is in L.A. too, at 3707 Sunset Boulevard; it is the new shop for Orientalia. From Julian, the silver-studded black Gung-Fu leather belt, above left, $25; the black cotton and suède Gung-Fu boots, below, $15.



New Standbys for a man's bath: the Tawashi, great new hand-size loofah that scrubs skin to tingling after beach or tennis. $1.98; The Hot One, Gillette shave cream that heats up to 150° to wilt beard, $1.25; Xanadu Soap Facial by Fabergé, transparent grape-colour bars with lots of lather, and really deep-down cleansing action, $5 for three bars.



PAREE

Johnny Lightning on the living room Grand Prix circuit: The kids' toy that the adults took over. The cars are scale models of famous racers. A trigger mechanism sets them off at speeds up to 35 mph on precision models (at 1/30th scale) of famous raceways with banked 90° turns and fast straightaways. The Johnny Lightning 500 Le Mans Raceway, with complement of racers, about $20 at Macy's.

BERRY BERENSON



"Cool and sexy,"

one man's verdict on close-cut, tissue-weight shirts of Indian silk in vibrant colour and pattern, $35. For less abandoned sensualists, crisp Liberty lawn shirts in floral prints, $25. De Noyer, 213 E. 60th St.

Madras revived:

brought up to date in Southampton by teaming jacket, trousers, and shirt in close colour relation, completely unmatched prints. With this, bright ribbon belt, bright coloured espadrilles.

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BRECK THINKS A GIRL SHOULD BE PRETTY AS A PICTURE.



That girl in the picture is Breck's kind of girl. She's Adrienne La Russa, one of New York's most successful models. She's a girl with classic beauty. Her hair shines. Her skin glows. And if she's wearing any makeup, you aren't really aware of it. In short, her beauty is honest. Timeless. It's the kind of beauty that, deep down, men love and women envy. That's the kind of prettiness Breck® products are made for. Because Breck products don't change your looks; they make more of the looks you already own. Which may explain why our products are used by more than 20 million women. Pretty as a picture: That's Breck's kind of pretty.



Beautiful Hair
BRECK®

JULY, 1970

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

the leg

Fashion prediction #1: the leg will come through. It will come through all sorts of slits and slots and slashes. . . . It will come through as you unzip, unsnap, or unbutton your midi to the thigh. . . . And how about this delicious business at right?—a Spanish shawl from Casa Moneo, just wrapped around the waist—and the leg comes through the fringe. . . . So let's not get ourselves all trauchled about legs anymore: in fashion, as in life, they're here to stay.



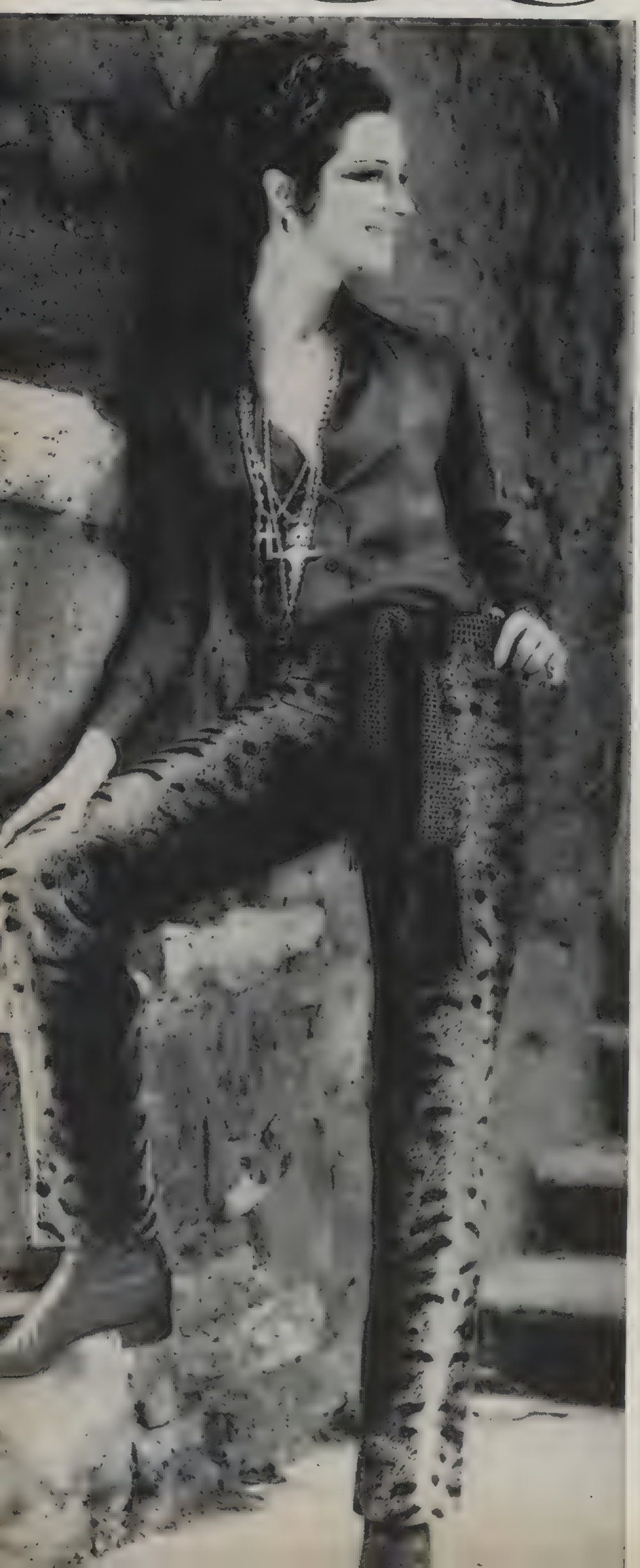
What will you do with Quasar Khanh's see-through 6-foot cube on wheels?

Why you'll drive it, of course—it's a car. With sliding glass doors on four sides and a sliding glass top. Called La Quasar, it was designed by Quasar Khanh for people (five at a time) who don't want to miss a thing as they travel life's highways and byways at a maximum speed of 60 mph. . . . Due this autumn.

MORE ABOUT WHAT'S DUE THIS AUTUMN IN THE PAGES AHEAD. . . .

ALEXIS WALDECK

YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THE WAY YOU LOOK



The long line is with us, and you haven't a thing to worry about: there are so many ways to vary the line to suit yourself, so many ways to look as you wish—but just a tiny little bit enormously different. . . . It's all proportion: this much jacket or coat over this much skirt or pants —and the leg comes through.

The suit is back like thunder! Sharp, small, patch-pocketed jackets and pocketed midi skirts . . . lots of width and blow and go at the hem . . . a slit . . . and the leg comes through in a wrinkly boot like beautiful suède gloves, wrinkled from the knee down. . . . Ribbed turtlenecks under suits of wonderful mixed tweeds . . . marvellous studded belts . . . a long Loden cape to throw over when winter comes.

Squashy leather shoulderbags with dangling fringe; bags of bright embroidery . . . to crack up the line when you're all of a colour: gunmetal scarf, suit, grey lizard boots.

A midi topcoat—belted, well buttoned, amply skirted—this is the great uncomplicator. . . . You wear it over shirts and midi skirts, over little dresses, pants . . . and you pull on your boots and you're in business. . . . It can be anything from jersey and tweeds, to suède, Melton, or fake fur—whatever: it's the swing of the topcoat—the warmth, ease, and authority of it—that gives every look the proportion of today. . . . If you like yourself in a short skirt, stick to it: with a midi topcoat—plus long boots—you'll be in fine shape.

Shirts and skirts—great! Great any time. Great with chains and scarfs and tiny boleros—all the little whims and fancies that give coquetry. . . . A white evening shirt, a belt, a wide-hemmed black velvet wrap skirt—clean, simple, and divine. Plus red satin boots. Or black lace stockings and little brocade Goya pumps with cocardes. . . . And hair brushed back in a smooth bun, held in a scarlet snood.

Waistlines again—don't you love it!—the whole delicious feminine thing of feeling held at the waist and really skirted. . . . Everything changes, from the look of the head—small, neat, held like a dancer's—to the way you walk: there's a lovely romantic rhythm to the swing of the midi . . . it will come to you.

The mauves and violets are all around us. Scarlet. And all the vibrant, banked-fire colourings of Kashmir. . . . Your new little dress could be a peasant dirndl in a muted, merging challis print of Dubonnet, scarlet, and port that you pick up and shake up and wake up with bright bright beads —lapis, turquoise, big balls of coral. Plus white ivory crosses . . . a yellow shawl with fringe.

Fake fur—the surprise of the year! Suddenly so decorative, so entertaining. So everything *—every beast from spotted fake fur to King Kong gorilla; every kind of fashion, ponchos to bloomery Zouave pants. . . . You could wrap yourself up in a fake fur coat and not unwrap till spring—all that warmth, that lightness, that lastingness—and now this! Terrific!*

The cult of leather glows and grows. Ravishingly-coloured suèdes and reptiles, day and evening. Little kidskin boleros and skirts and pullovers and pants. . . . Your leather clothes are you—they take your form.

Lacing on shirts and skirts. Lacing on wide belts and weskits. Lacing on shoes and boots.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

VOGUE, July, 1970

IN THE NEW FASHION

Collect boots. . . . The luxuriousness of the suède-glove wrinkly boot with midi-length clothes . . . enchanting Belle Époque boots with scallops and laces, for skirts or with knickers tucked inside . . . long long boots for long long slits—and for short skirts . . . soft, bulky, fur moonboots—warm and amusing—to pull over pants. . . . Evening boots of satin, velvet, brocade. And remember the red boot—it will walk you all over the world.

Low boots and full, bloomery Zouave pants tucked in—the lower and snugger the boot, the more voluptuous the blouson—and nothing is more attractive than the blouson part showing under the hem of a midi topcoat.

You can wrap up your head in fabulously-coloured silks from the Orient—strange prints worn two or three at a time, strapped around, tight to the skull, low on the brow, braided ends trailing.

Or your hat can be a funny little scarlet suède mushroom. . . . No rules. You go your own way. And you change your own way . . . one day you paint big orange apples on your cheeks and wrap yourself up in a silk shawl with Chinese embroidery and thick knotted fringe . . . and the next day you're swinging down the street in tweeds and brolly and wrinkly suède boots. . . . The point is: there is such a tremendous variety of ways to stretch fashion to suit your own moods and needs; you've only to give your imagination a little push . . . apropos of which, this word from the writer—and fashion wit—Pauline de Rothschild: "Perfection of taste should be changed to the bypassing of taste because I think taste should be moody and unpredictable like growing one's own vegetables."

THIS IS A GREAT WAY TO LOOK . . . CONTESSA CONSUELO CRESPI

in her slit midi shirt of beige raw silk . . . plus chains and crosses . . . fake fur belt, brown suède boots, animal-print patchwork shoulderbag. And, opposite, at Tiber Island, Rome—the Contessa, splendidly long-legged in tigerish velvet pants and cognac silk shirt; her head wrapped in scarfs . . . chains dangling, a grommetted belt at her waist. . . . Samo shirtdress and shirt; Testa pants at Sakowitz. Fake zebra belt and Corfam bag, from The Whip. Mario Valentino boots. Coiffure by Sergio of Alexandre.

MARY RUSSELL



WE PREDICT THE SLIT IS IT . . THE LONGER CAPE . . SWASHBUCKLED BELTS . . . AND THE NEW JAPANESERIE

Mary Russell, left, long legs flashing, cape flying as she whips along the pavements of Paris with the truly greatest look on her back—just the snappy, happy, hands-in-your-pockets approach we love right now. And this is the way she pulls her look together—brown jersey midi skirt unzipped to the thigh, the long whirlabout cape, boots, a man-size belt buckling the soft little pullover . . . a shake of her hair, a Chelsea scarf, and away she goes. . . . **Candice Bergen,** right, blond, beautiful, and winningly tough in the movie *Getting Straight.* Another rôle, another place, and the news is Japan. Think of plum blossoms and slip into something Japanesque like this cut panne velvet kimono-dress printed in wonderful Oriental lacquerings of red and pink and green. A dress for utterly luxurious evenings at home, wrapped with a high obi sash, long sleeves slipping, dipping from the arm like folding wings—all as pretty as an Utamato print. By Bill Blass, of Staron silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Odyssey choker. Coiffure by Jean Louis for Cinandre.

CANDICE BERGEN

HORTH

BERT STERN



You're going to love Oscar de la Renta's Liberty of London prints—charming little wool challis peasant dresses and pants in the most muted colourings, soft and as subtly patterned as a Srinagar shawl. Totally subdued. And then—zing, zap—you snap them up with bright beads and bands of suède. You light a fire under them—the way **Marisa Berenson** does here—with her own shiny, crackling boots. **The pants go in the boots,** left, and the quiet blue-and-raisin print springs to life with turquoise and lapis beads. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. . . . A swing of coral, a flash of boots—great with the **neck-tied border-print,** right, madder red, cinnamon, black. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Calderon belt. . . . **Yellow boots, yellow beads** for a short-sleeved, pleated Liberty print, opposite—madder red and saffron yellow. Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. . . . **Just look at the Liberty belle,** opposite, far right, in her peasant dirndl . . . plus bright boots, beads, a white enamel cross, blue suède fringe. At Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. K.J.L. cross. All clothes, end of July. Chokers by Odyssey, Thomas Robbins, Ruza Creations, Bruce Rudow. Necklaces by Capri, K.J.L., Yves Saint Laurent. Wristbands by Bruce Rudow, Bonniers, Odyssey. Franklyn Welsh coifs.



we PREDICT
A SURPRISE OF
MUTED PRINTS IN
MERGING COLOURS...
SPIKED WITH
BRILLIANT BEADS
AND BRIGHT
LACQUERY BOOTS





Fake fur, left, the coat every woman is going to have to have this year —and no explanations needed, right? . . . This Tartar-y thriller reverses from fatal green to spiky fakey monkey . . . looks super-splendid with a well-belted waist and a swagger of scarfs, beads, violet suède boots. Oscar de la Renta Boutique; Verel and Dynel (Glenoit fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Scarfs: Odyssey, Mochizuchi. Cadoro necklace. Beads: Henri Bendel. Boots, Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. . . .

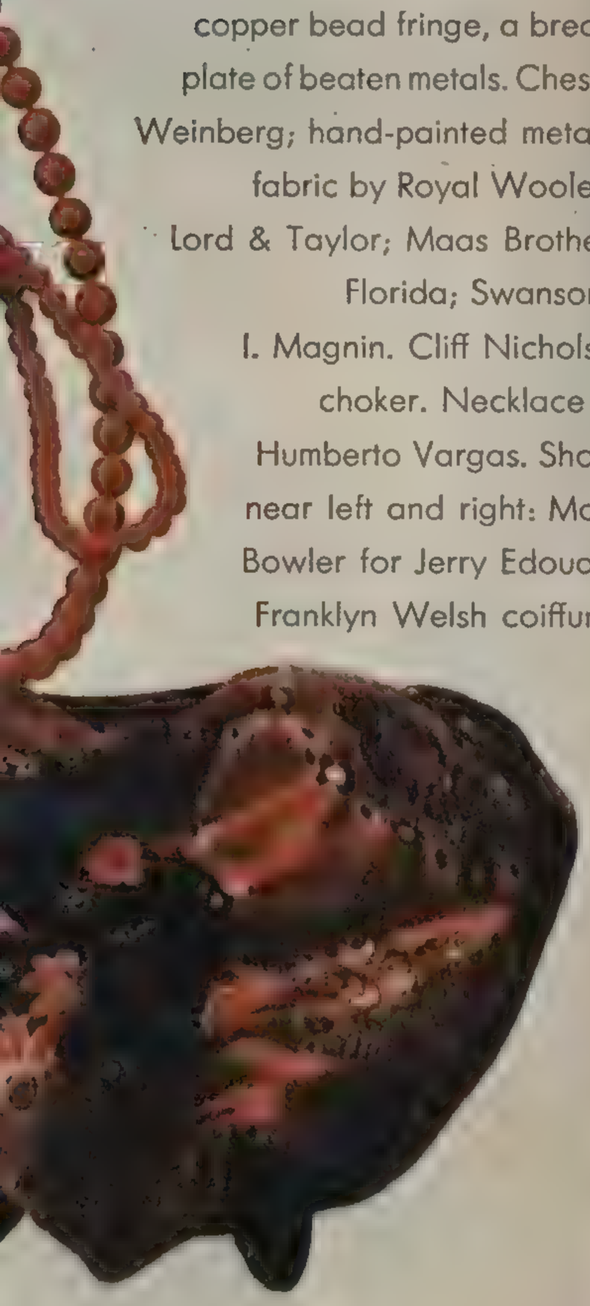
The swing of the midi coat in lacquered black leather, this page, with painted-on art-nou spots and curly yellow fake-fur lining. Kicks over gaucho pants and bright-red suède boots. Oscar de la Renta; Orlon lining (Borg fabric). Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan. Cliff Nicholson ring. Golo boots. Franklyn Welsh coiffure. Both pages: Oscar de la Renta Boutique double-knit wool jumpsuit.

PENATI

WE PREDICT THE SMASH OF THE NEW FAKE FURS . . . THE CULT OF LEATHER . . . RED BOOTS FOR KICKS



The tiger-velours evening coat, far left—because it's soft, beautifully cut, and so pretty with red satin boots. And because the only bigcat to wear now is fakecat. By Originala. La France cotton velours. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Marvella coral beads. Alexis Kirk necklace. K.J.L. rings. Battani boots. . . . **Printed panne velvet** in swirling, curling roses and browns, near left: an evening dress with a nearly-Eastern flavour, gigot sleeves, coral beads. By Geoffrey Beene. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Necklace by Cliff Nicholson. K.J.L. coral beads. . . . **Muted earth colours, quail colours,** right—a dress like a Balinese temple dancer's with a faint coppery shimmer, copper bead fringe, a breastplate of beaten metals. Chester Weinberg; hand-painted metallic fabric by Royal Woolens, Lord & Taylor; Maas Brothers, Florida; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Cliff Nicholson choker. Necklace by Humberto Vargas. Shoes, near left and right: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. Franklyn Welsh coiffures.



PENATI



WE PREDICT BENGAL-TIGER STRIPES AND PATTERNS OF THE EAST ... CORAL BEADS AND RED SATIN BOOTS



Caped red plaid, right, thick with fringe and muffled—the coat that brings to mind moors and peat fires and high adventure, especially with pipe and spats and Cerruti hat. Modelia wool coat. About $240. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rike's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Kislav gloves. Zanie Campan spats. Golo boots. . . . A slit, slashed, vamp-till-ready dress, centre, in—surprise!—**fake giraffe.** Black and white banded in black vinyl, worn with just a shimmer of Princess Borghese gold makeup and a few palmy squiggles of colour painted on by Richard Giglio. Dress by Nardiello for Rona, of Enka rayon (Timme fabric); about $145. Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's, Michigan. Odyssey striped hammock. Franklyn Welsh coif. . . . Ravishing little dinner suit, far right, in a Wilder Shores **mélange of pattern and colour**—glistery orange-silver-gold brocade with a top and tiny head wrap of lacquer-red printed silk chiffon. Mollie Parnis; acetate, Lurex, nylon (TSM brocade). Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Cadoro chokers. K.J.L. beads, cross. Battani boots. Casa Moneo shawl.

PENATI

we PREDICT
CAPES ON COATS
...BROCADES OF
THE ORIENT...FAKE FUR
IN A GREAT BIG WAY

WE PREDICT
A SWING TO
VIOLET . . . TWEEDS,
SUÈDE, BROCADE . . .
VIOLET PANTS
TUCKED INTO BOOTS



PENATI

Violets for your tweeds, far left—laced suède boots, fringe, prints—all shades of violet praise for the belted midi coat in deep-violet wool tweed, hugely plaided with white and black. By Seymour Fox.. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Lou Lattimore. Tie-dyed chiffon print: the Smolinski's. Kislav gloves. Ruza Creations fringe. Herbert Levine boots. . . . **The brocaded poncho-tunic,** left, wrapped in violet, with violet crêpe de Chine pants tucked into violet satin boots. Chester Weinberg; Abraham brocade of acetate, Lurex, wool. Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Marvella choker. K. J. L. white rope. Monet bangle. Celia Sebiri ring. Battani boots. . . . **The look of pants bloused over boots,** right—sensational in violet suède with side-strokes of lizard. Turnout: Be for Bistrot de Cuir. End of July, Henri Bendel. Humberto Vargas necklace. Yves Saint Laurent gloves by John Fuchs. Capezio boots. Franklyn Welsh coiffures.

1. Printed fake fur, lined in fake monkey—Navaho-patterned coat in blue, black, white; lining of fake black monkey fur. Golo red suède boots, wrinkled like gloves. Coat: Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Fake monkey of Verel and acrylic; print of acrylic (both: Malden Mills). Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Thomas Robbins choker. Cadoro necklace. K. J. L. ring. Casa Moneo shawl. . . . **2. Tapestry boots to zip over blousing pants.** By Chelsea Cobbler. Crêpe knickers: Ossie Clark. . . . **3. Fringed fake cobra boots, tapestry coat,** a calico shirt—patterns mixed every way. Calvin Klein coat; brown-beige-black cotton and rayon. About $145. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's. Hat: Cerruti Boutique, Best & Co. Capezio boots. . . . **4. Pattern-on-pattern head covering**—Pakistani man's cap in bright pink with shiny bits of mirror, over a large printed silk square. Odyssey cap. . . . **5. Donna Marina Lante della Rovere** swings through the streets of Rome, looking delicious in her own designs—sleeveless wool coat and dress in winey-reds, browns, green; laced boots, fringy shoulderbag Sakowitz. Varese boots. . . . **6. Here's Saint Laurent's marvellous new Zouave pants look,** just as he sketched it—voluminous crushed velvet knickers tucked into laced La Goulue boots; tiny Zouave bolero, wide belt. Late August, Saint Laurent Rive Gauch

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PENATI

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WE PREDICT PATTERNING ON EVERYTHING FROM FAKE FUR TO SILK HEADDRESSINGS TO TAPESTRY COATS AND BOOTS . . . ZOUAVE PANTS BLOUSED OVER LA GOULUE BOOTS



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WE PREDICT FAKE FUR . . . SUÈDE . . . OPEN-TOE SANDALS . . . HAIR LIKE A NUN'S WIMPLE . . . THE GUCCI GIRL SWINGS IN



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1. Love that leather—palest-green suède dress with Indian-maiden lacing on the seams, swishes of beaded fringe and feathers. Romey McDonald. Coif: David of Vidal Sassoon. . . .

2. What a lamb—bloomery fake fur grey Zouave pants blousing over snaky boots. Scott Barrie for Barrie-Sport, of Vinyon and vinyl (Glenoit fabric). $75. Alice Stuart nylon shirt; $14. At Bloomingdale's. Pants at III Act. Thomas Robbins belt. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Boots: Capezio. Coiffure: Christiaan of Henri Bendel. . . .

3. Plum lace opera stockings. $5. Black velvet garter. $6. Betsy Johnson for Betsy, Bunky & Nini.

. . . **4. Open-toed snake**—wide-strapped, multicoloured cobra sandals with a narrow thong between the toes. By Andrea. . . . **5. Hair fitted to the head like a nun's wimple**—whiter-than-blond hair, straight and smooth, casting a wonderful light on the face, out-of-this-world with big, tie-on mysterious glasses in brown suède with amber lenses. Michel Wahl for Lanvin. François of Kenneth coif. . . . **6. The Gucci girl**—turned out in Gucci from top to toe—brown foulard shirt and black pony weskit with a fox-hemmed camel leather skirt. And then the scarfs, belts . . . gold watch and bracelets. Plus marvellous Gucci leather bags and calf-high camel suède Gucci boots. François of Kenneth coiffure. . . . **7. Take a plunge**—slinky black all-in-nothing to wear under all and everything. Gossard. Antron nylon and Lycra. $13. Late July, at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Coif: François of Kenneth.

MARTINET ZACHARIASEN



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1. Chantal Dumont, trig as a sprig with her small, neat coif and Cerruti's spruce-little-boy pants suit of fire-engine red wool gabardine. With its own proper weskit, brown Paisley silk shirt, red chiffon ascot. . . .

2. Jean Shrimpton wears the slit with a flat black jersey slipper boot that takes its sequins and runs—all the way up under a very sexy, very Chinese-y black satin midi dress. By Cerruti. Mad-monkey wig arranged by Carita. . . . **3. Udo Kier,** dashing German actor, can tilt his hat at the sun after two new movies, the British *Torture,* and Italian *The Season of the Senses.* And what a hat he's got himself—just the kind of rakish, wide-brimmed panama any girl could love. By Remo Argenti. . . . **4. The shape of cars to come:** Ferrari's Modulo by Pininfarina. A close-to-the-ground, 550 h.p. exercise in style that looks like one beautifully proportioned shallow shell clamped on another. To get in place, slide the whole front forward and . . . ciao.

WE PREDICT LONG BOOTS FOR LONG SLITS, SHORT SKIRTS . . . FAT FURRY BOOTS

5. Diane de Monbrison, with her giant hand-of-Fatima and *tout-Paris* schoolgirl hat, is a girl who knows the way to wear a short white knit tunic. Rumply league-long boots strapped all the way up, a narrow gilet swinging all the way down, plus a wide hip belt, all in bishop-violet suède. Gilet by MacDouglas. Belt by La Bagagerie. Boots, Nicolas Harlé for MacDouglas. Jean Charles Brosseau hat. . . . **6. The fake fur moonboot**—a terrific new bulk-at-the-bottom proportion to tuck pants into. Black wool jersey pants and chopped wide-skirted officer's coat of black wool Melton cloth—the great new short coat for pants—by Originala. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's. Boots by Wolverine World Wide. Hair by Franklyn Welsh.

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ALEXIS WALDECK

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MARTINET

WE PREDICT THE SMASH OF THE SLASH OVER PANTS AND BOOTS... SNAKE AND SUÈDE FROM THE GROUND UP . . . AND THE FRINGE FLICKS ON

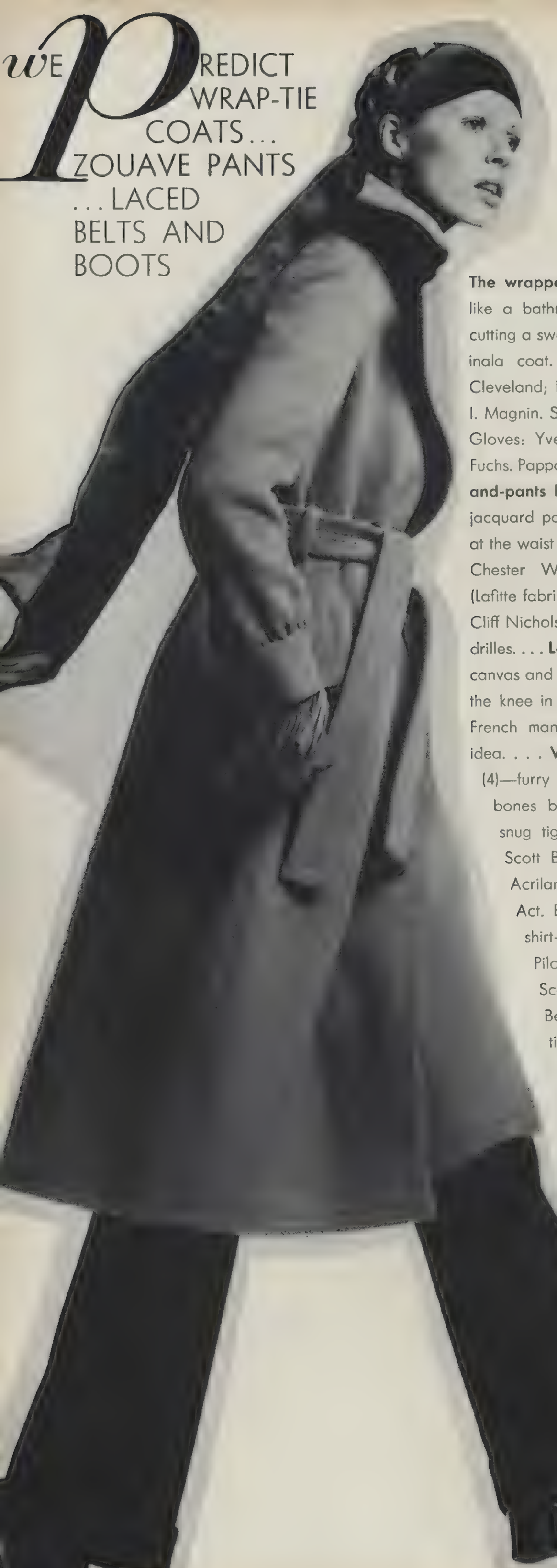
1. It's a cut-up—side-slashed violet ribs, swishy fringed hem. Wool sweaterdress by Mic Mac. About $120. Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's, Southern California. Bernardo sandals. François of Kenneth coif. . . . **2. Fringey-poo python**—cuffed reptile boots wrinkled down the front like gloves. François Villon. . . . **3. The snake slits**—taupe-and-white boa constrictor skirt unsnapped over snaky legs and laced violet suède boots . . . the boa weskit laces up over a violet turtleneck. Turnout: Joan Kavanaugh for Casa Cuero. Halston sweater. Cliff Nicholson necklace. Etienne Aigner belt. Boots: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard. Franklyn Welsh coiffure. . . .

4. Slash slash, here come the pants—navy, walking straight out of a super-slit Glen plaid worsted coat. Both: Venet. Bullock's-Wilshire. . . . **5. Wrap up in a long hooded cape**—swirl through evening in a print of blue-and-gold Paisley. With matching pants and tunic. By Diane von Fürstenburg. Of acetate. About $90. Late August, Bonwit Teller. Golo sandals. . . . **6. Suède cuts the mustard**—the cutaway jacket, short in front over matching bloomery mustard suède knickers, rippling like a cape in back. Turnout by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots: Tony the Shoemaker. François of Kenneth coif.

ZACHARIASEN

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WE PREDICT WRAP-TIE COATS... ZOUAVE PANTS ...LACED BELTS AND BOOTS



The wrapped and tied coat (1) cut like a bathrobe in camel's hair and cutting a swash over navy pants. Originala coat. Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Gloves: Yves Saint Laurent by John Fuchs. Pappagallo boots. . . . **The tunic-and-pants look** (2) is going strong—jacquard panels of grey-white-fir tied at the waist over grey wool knit pants. Chester Weinberg; wool jacquard (Lafitte fabric). Bonwit Teller; Dayton's. Cliff Nicholson ring. Pappagallo espadrilles. . . . **La Goulue boot** (3) in beige canvas and brown leather laced up to the knee in a very turn-of-the-century French manner—Yves Saint Laurent's idea. . . . **Very Zouave, these pants** (4)—furry black-and-white herringbones billow above short boots, snug tight with a laced corselet. Scott Barrie for Barrie-Sport, of Acrilan (Furtex fabric). $75 at III Act. Black Trevira matte jersey shirt-tunic: Gayle Kirkpatrick for Pilot, $26. Bloomingdale's. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Belt by Elegant. Ruza Creations wristband. . . . **Brown leather gaucho pants** (5) with a nifty cheat-cheetah jacket. By Anne Klein. Stencilled suède jacket, about $130; pants, about $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Hat: Cerruti Boutique at Best & Co. Golo boots.



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WE PREDICT BELTED WAISTS . . . CAPES . . . THE RETURN OF THE SUIT . . . STRAPPING SANDALS . . . MINI CHOPPERS



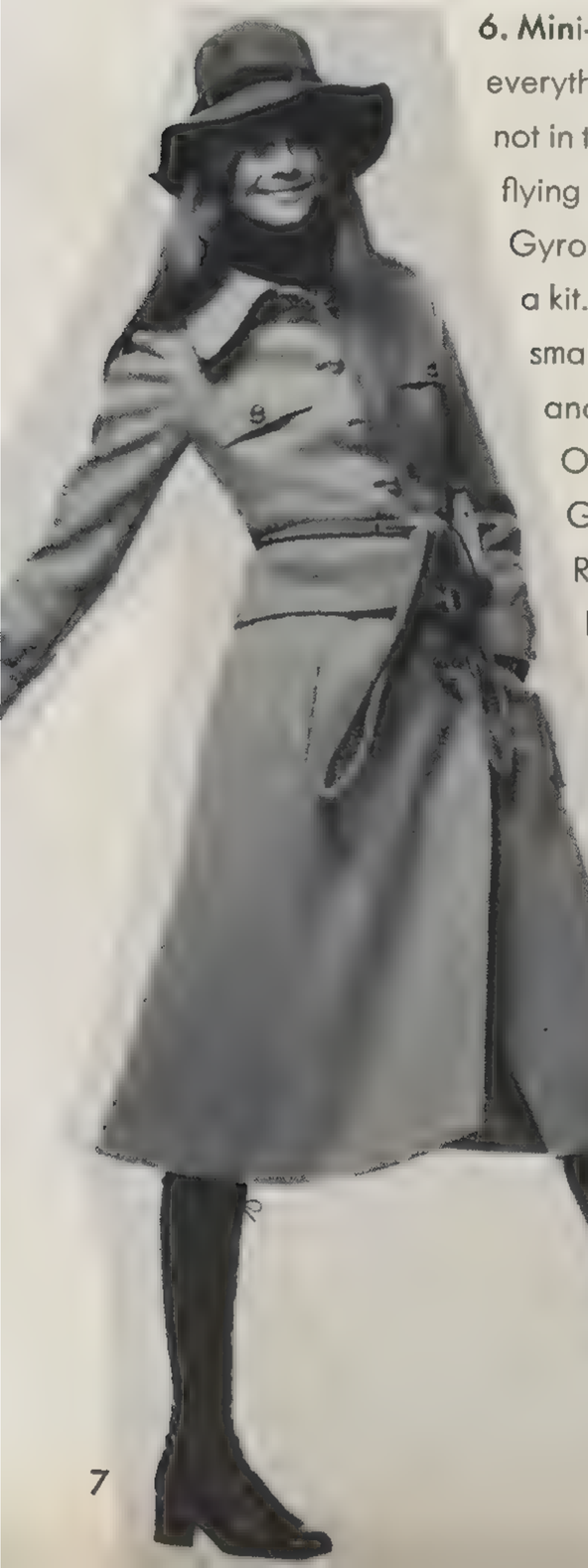
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1. Midi dirndl, small top, wide belt— the look for every girl in the world. Grey flannel skirt by Sloat (Stevens Hockanum wool). About $46. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Black-and-white leotard by Irene for The McCallum Boutique. Belt by Elegant. Shoes: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bernard Abrams pompons. François of Kenneth coif. . . . **2. Navy suède midi** stitched like denim and gripping the hip. Great with a stretch nylon knit lace T, suède boots. Adolfo skirt, about $155. Saks Fifth Avenue. Alice Stuart shirt, about $11. Bloomingdale's. Hat by Adolfo. Golo boots. . . . **3. Grey-flannel patch-pocket jumper,** belted at the waist. White ribbed turtleneck; fake-cobra Pappagallo espadrilles. A wool mark turnout by Geoffrey Beene. Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Michael Danyon wristband. Hanes tights. Franklyn Welsh coif. . . . **4. Strapping sandals:** Roger Vivier's way to aerate an almost-ankle boot of brown elephant skin with bombé toes. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **5. The roll of the cape** in black wool Melton cloth over an ivory shirt, studded black pants. A wool mark turnout by Calvin Klein; wool loomed in America (Stevens Worumbo fabric). About $230. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C. Rings from Splendiferous. Herbert Levine boots. . . .



6. Mini-chop for the girl who has everything, goes everywhere—why not in the air? This little luv of a flying machine is a Bensen Gyrocopter and you build it from a kit. . . . **7. The suit is back**— small, belted grey wool jacket and ripping wrapped skirt. By Originala. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Mr. John hat. Blacksmith thong at waist. Gloves: Yves Saint Laurent by John Fuchs. Herbert Levine boots.



1. How now short dress? How Forquet does it—in ivory silk crêpe under a swinging midi coat of brown-and-white wool houndstooth checks. Sergio Valente coiffure. . . . **2. The wrinkly boot**—apricot suède crushed down on the leg, as beautifully as gloves, and cuffed with an Apache band of fringe. Boot and fringed garter by François Villon, in reverse calfskin. . . . **3. Just a little old mushroom to plop on your head.** Adolfo's done it in the softest, crushiest scarlet suède. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. François of Kenneth coif. . . . **4. All together now girls**—patterns, textures, colours. Lots of each at the same time: tie-dyed panne velvet for the blowy panniered skirt with a border of black-and-white braid; tiny hand-painted suède and panne velvet vest; coarse cotton lace shirt tie-dyed in beiges, yellows, and greens; the cleanest, whitest petticoat ever, simply ruched with crisp fresh pleats; a pair of flowered stocking boots for another layer of kicks. Turnout: Bill Gibb for Baccarat. Fair Isle boots, by Kaffe Fassett.

Coiffure by David of Vidal Sassoon. . . . **5. Patterns, patterns, layers, layers**—weskit, shirt, and accordian-pleated midi skirt in tiny Vuillard prints of greys and browns and white. By Eloise Curtis for Happenstance, of polyester and rayon (Concord fabric). About $115. Gimbels, New York; Nan Duskin; J. W. Robinson. Battani grommeted dog collar. Bright big beads: Marvella, K.J.L. Belt by Elegant. Casa Moneo shawl. Golo laced boots. Franklyn Welsh coif.

WE PREDICT
SHORT TUNIC,
LONG COAT...THE
WRINKLY SUÈDE BOOT...
MUSHROOM CAP...
LOTS OF PATTERNS
ALL MIXED UP

PATRICK LICHFIELD

For smashing good looks, you just can't beat this **long-line pants turnout** (1) of creamy beige double-faced wool—long tunic, longer coat, and pants layered on with a flying scarf and a fab fop hat. Christian Dior-New York. Anglo fabric. At Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat: Cerruti Boutique at Best & Co. Odyssey scarf. Kislav gloves. Boots by Pappagallo. Coif: Franklyn Welsh. . . . **Susannah York all in black, all wrapped and skirted and booted** (2) and looking yummy the way beautiful blondes do in black—beret, scarf, turtleneck, skirt—and shiny black Halston boots. Turnout by Halston International; of lamb's wool, Angora, and nylon. Skirt, about $20; sweater, about $22. All at Bloomingdale's; Sibley's. See Susannah: now in *Brotherly Love*, this winter in a TV special of *Jane Eyre*. . . . **The low boot** (3)—brown suède cuffed in fox like a Tartar's, perfect for tucked-in blousing pants; these—and tunic—of tan-and-orange printed knit. Boots from Gucci. Turnout by Mic Mac, of acrylic. About $120. At Higbee's; Carson Pirie Scott. Wide belt: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Calderon. Silver link belt over it: American Indian Arts Center. Coif: Christiaan of Henri Bendel. . . . **Mrs. Dolores Guinness in an Indian mood** (4), in the softest, prettiest dress of beadworked beige suède—it's thonged and tied and fringed, swings open on bare legs and Apache suède boots. By Louis Feraud. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. François Villon boots. . . . **The peplum-waisted suit** (5) with a skirt that wraps and flares and lets a leg get through; of near-navy wool tweed with patchwork lizard boots holding flat to the ground. Suit by Chester Weinberg, with a silk print shirt. End of July at Saks Fifth Avenue. Odyssey hat. Kislav gloves. Boots by Capezio. Franklyn Welsh coif. . . . Little coffee **stretch lace camisole and bikini** (6) making like an all-in-one —just as pretty a set of smalls as a body could want under any length of pants or skirt. By Vanity Fair, of nylon and Lycra. Top, $11; bikini, $5. End of July at Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. Kenneth wig arranged by François of Kenneth.

1 PENATI

2 JOHN COWAN

we PREDICT
SUITS . . .
SLITS . . .
LONG LINES AND
LOW BOOTS
FOR PANTS



We predict the hit of the slit...lacing at the waist... lacing on crushed suède boots... and the bright violet shirtdress

This is the way the skirt slits, left: buttoned for just a bit—then it's wide wide open, fast and free. Bright violet flannel with a scarf-print silk shirt. All pulled together at the waist with a tight, laced corselet belt...the suède boots lace up the side and wrinkle down the leg like gloves, and a big hat sends it all off in style. Vogue Pattern 2380. Skirt by Simonetta. Shirt of Far Eastern fabric. Tie-dye scarf: Odyssey. Belt by Elegant. **This is the way the shirtdress looks now,** right: bright violet flannel with lots of pleats to kick around when you walk...you tie it up with a leather belt laced with fringe, and lace up your wrinkled-glove suède boots. Vogue Pattern 2381 by Valentino. Both pages, Stevens Forstmann flannel of wool and fur. Altman's; Hudson's; Lazarus; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Calderon belt. Both pages: Adolfo hat. Boots: Mario Valentino for I. Miller. For pattern details, see page 132.

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN 2380

PENATI



VOGUE PATTERN 2381

People are TALKING about

. . . The curious combination of excitement, malaise, and pulling in throughout the country. . . . The actionist sense of Dartmouth College which has set up an office, loosely called "Continuing Presence in Washington," to be a headquarters there for various lobbying groups of students, working to tell Congress that the students are not rebels or radicals but that they want to see some changes made about the war within the system. . . . The way the Herblock cartoons in *The Washington Post* against the Administration have irritated the President. . . . Congressman Jonathan B. Bingham of New York who has suggested that women should not be identified as Miss or Mrs. but rather as Ms., pronounced Miz. . . . In Paris, the magnificent, full-range exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Henri Matisse, showing the great nuances and the great power of his work, particularly in the paintings from the Hermitage in Leningrad.

People are talking about . . . *Lee Grant, tipsy, funny, and a bit mad in the movie* The Landlord. *. . . The verve, the strength of Erik Bruhn with the American Ballet Theatre. . . .* Flowers in History *by Peter Coats who has written a sharp and enlightening book filled with information, personalities, and gardening advice, including his dislikes, and the rise and fall of certain flowers (carnations) in popularity. . . . Genya Ravan who shouts and sings jazz-rock with full female power matching the force of nine versatile, strong-minded male musicians, called Ten Wheel Drive, on the Polydor album* Brief Replies. **People are talking about . . .** *Hard Times, An Oral History of The Great Depression* by Studs Terkel whose book of interviews with the survivors shows the guts of the people of the 'thirties, the disorientation, the rootlessness, the feeling that "everybody's suffering was everybody's concern," with the exception of Jerome Zerbe, the photographer-publicist of El Morocco then, who summed up the decade as "glamourous, glittering." . . . Young Pat Lipsky who achieves an intense glow and her own forms in her exhibition recently at New York's André Emmerich Gallery —the paintings, a combination of smash and subtlety.

People are talking about . . . *Godfrey Cambridge who turns in a remarkable performance in the new movie* Watermelon Man *in which he wipes off his white-face makeup to show with amusement and skill how a white man feels in black skin, leaving some in the audiences to wonder how Cambridge felt in white skin. . . . The ferment at New York museums and galleries as their staffs watch with concern and some resentment—along with some agreement—the threats to close down the art Establishment by the Art Workers Coalition. . . . The wife who, when asked by her daughter why she flirted with the Women's Lib but didn't join, answered: "I'm afraid of your father."* . . . The capsuled brilliance of the short novel *Play It as It Lays* by Joan Didion who writes so tightly it cuts the flesh. . . . Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota who said: "It's a new national syndrome—the unfound sniper."

H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Direct, pretty, clever, H.R.H. Princess Anne whose straight-out job is being a princess is remarkably good at it. She is quick. She is knowledgeable. She has a light wit and she uses it. She has a feel for pop music and the French language. She has turned around the image of a royal princess. No stuffiness. As little formality as possible for a princess. This month H.R.H. Princess Anne, who will be twenty on August 15th, will make her first visit to the United States, visiting President and Mrs. Nixon in Washington. Unlike all other British Queens, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II sent her only daughter to boarding school, to Benenden in Kent. There Princess Anne was a pretty good student with a turn against Latin and a turn towards mechanics. Above all else, Princess Anne is a top-class horsewoman with good hands who began competing in public on her bay gelding, Purple Star. Everything's going for her.

SNOWDON



THE GEISHA 1970

Four new photographic studies by Irving Penn. The geisha—except for her false eyelashes and her TV—is still an enigmatic symbol of old rituals in a country sparkling with the future. Meticulously contrived, she entertains the men of Japan as she did a century ago—and guards all secrets.

PENN

THE GEISHA

is "to look at, not to touch," say the Japanese men who know the rules. She amuses, she sympathizes. Perfectly painted and wigged, she looks fascinating rather than real. Displaying the nape of the neck suggests erotic possibilities—but a liaison is complicated, enduring, expensive. More about the modern geisha, page 133.



"Only people

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Irena M. Wiley is a well-known artist who has made one visit to Viet Nam and is leaving this month for her second visit, sent each time by the U.S.O. for the purpose of sketching the men there on base, in the field, in the hospitals—the men may then send their Wiley portraits home. (It was all a private matter between each man and Mrs. Wiley, who kept no notes, no sketches.) In addition to Viet Nam, the U.S.O. sent her on two earlier trips to hospitals in Japan, Okinawa, Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines for the same purposes. On all her visits she was also under the protection of the U.S. Army Special Services who took extremely good care of her well-being. She gives especially high marks to the usefulness of the U.S.O., marks echoed by many of the men on the battlefields and in the hospitals. One soldier told her—a sentiment echoed by many others in different words—that when he goes back in the world and has a job, every month he will send part of his salary to the U.S.O. to repay the joy and pleasure given to him and to pay for the pleasure for men still in service. In her fifties, Mrs. Wiley, who was born in Poland, is the widow of John C. Wiley, who was American Ambassador to Portugal, Iran, Colombia, and, among others, Panama. Long in the United States Foreign Service, he was sent to thirty posts.*

For an artist, a trip to Viet Nam is a trip of emotion, not of impression. My assignment was to draw portraits of the soldiers who could then send them to their families. Making up one's mind about Viet Nam is like photographing a baby. Before the negative is dry, the baby is not the same.

When one arrives in Saigon, it is not the mortar holes in the runway, the barbed wire, the gun emplacements, the sandbags that give the impact of the war. It is the eyes of the people. Eyes without the shadow of a smile, preoccupied, worried eyes. During my stay in Viet Nam it was through their eyes that I made contact with and understood the troops. I was haunted by the ageless eyes in their young faces. Sullen in the non-combat zone, vacant in the troop-transport planes, anguished and reproachful in the hospital wards, illuminated and visionary in the combat zones.

A helicopter pilot with a magnificent war record, a big Mississippi boy with the most incomprehensible Southern drawl, became my escort for my twenty-two days in Viet Nam. Although my own European accent made communication between us difficult, we crashed the accent barrier quickly. There was no "honey chile" Southern-gentleman approach in him. Marvellously briefed on his duties, he treated me as a master sergeant treats a foot soldier, but a respectful and well-mannered sergeant. As I am undisciplined with a tendency to do things when the spirit moves me and not when I should do them, he acted beautifully severe. "You are expected in such-and-such a place at 0100 and you have to be there," he said. I went.

At my base on the second floor of the Bachelor Officers Headquarters at a hotel in Saigon, I was handed tables of commandments as stern as those of Moses. "Thou shalt not" leave the hotel alone; "thou shalt not" ever disobey the orders of thy escort, or question his decisions; "thou shalt not" accept any invitation without clearance. To disobey meant an immediate return "back to where you came from," equal to a kind of dishonourable discharge.

The next step was indoctrination in war survival. In case of a mortar attack on the hotel, I was told to lie down on the floor and pull the mattress over me. When I tried to move the mattress from the king-size bed, I discovered that I would need a detachment of Marines to budge it. The comfort of the huge, if immovable, mattress became more important than the problematic danger.

When I left Saigon on the first leg of my trip, I encountered a phenomenon: We were travelling in a small plane, five officers and I. All the officers and men I had met were usually so gregarious, so friendly that I was stunned that on this two-hour flight no one said a word, no one smiled. My companions sat in silence. In later trips I found this disquieting silence again and again in the desolate depots where one waited endlessly for transportation, in helicopters, on troop transports. Those huge, clumsy transport planes, the C-130's, were my nightmare. The light that filtered through the small windows created an eerie, greenish, improbable landscape, like being trapped in an aquarium. The soldiers strapped along each wall, holding their guns, sat motionlessly, staring into space with unseeing eyes, in silence. Sometimes we had police dogs on the plane: They would lie down, put their heads on their crossed paws, never moving, never making a sound. Not even in the hospitals, in the bunkers, on fire bases did one feel so strongly the dehumanizing side of war as in those planes.

We stopped first in Pleiku, one of the bases of the 4th Infantry Division. Rain and sticky mud and the long shadow of war followed everywhere. One feels the threat of the enemy on this mountain top. It could be the starkness of the iron-grey mountains, the isolation, it could be just the profound tiredness in the eyes of the men. At the same time, there is courage in Pleiku, such an esprit de corps that one is neither frightened nor depressed, but exhilarated. It is even a curiously happy atmosphere with a strange nonconformist happiness, a happiness as unlike what we think happiness should be and as different from our usual concept as the beauty of Greek sculpture is from the beauty of African art.

IMPRESSIONS OF YOUNG AMERICANS FIGHTING IN VIET NAM

BY IRENA M. WILEY

"make you cry"

In the mountains surrounding Pleiku live the Montagnards. They are primitive people, primitive in the dictionary sense, meaning original, primary. The wind of history has not yet swept away their customs and beliefs. Fierce and fearless, they hunt and fight with bow and arrow, dry the ears of slain Viet Cong, stringing them to wear as necklaces. Their attitude towards Americans is friendly, and what's more they practise loyalty.

In case of illness the Montagnards are cared for at the base hospitals by the Americans who are extraordinarily helpful to them. In a ward, a barefooted Montagnard mother crouched on the antiseptic floor, surrounded by bowls of rice and food, while I drew. Dazed with wonder, her eyes never left the mysterious glass-and-chromium incubator, holding her baby. They had been there for days. I will always remember the young corpsman, tall against the tropical dusk, as he left the hospital for the native village, carrying with tenderness a dead child wrapped in a sheet, returning it to its family for burial.

In Pleiku I was initiated into the language of artillery. When in the night you hear a deep "boom, boom," it means our guns are shooting at the enemy in the hills; you go back to sleep. When you hear the nasal whine of "bzzzz boom, bzzzz boom," it is the enemy shooting at us; you run for shelter.

From Pleiku I went to the Demilitarized Zone, to Quang Tri. "I wondered as I wandered" under the Viet Nam sky how war can have more facets than a fly's eye. In the DMZ I encountered a shapeless war with a faceless enemy hiding in rice paddies, behind trees, sowing booby traps on the roads. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, the enemy hid here, there, everywhere, his presence as tangible as smog, and as unbreathable.

On my first day we drove by Jeep for hours in dust on a road named, aptly, "The Street Without Joy": It runs between tombstones stretching endlessly. (The Vietnamese bury their dead haphazardly in the fields.) We drove for miles through this alley of the dead until we came upon a village where the CAP's work: CAP stands for Combined Action Platoon, there are 114 platoons dispersed throughout the coastal lowlands. They represent the Combined Action Program with the purpose of providing security to hamlets and villages by protecting them from Viet Cong terror and by promoting community welfare. There is not enough knowledge of, nor enough praise for, their magnificent work. The CAP's not only protect but they also share the poverty, the hardship, the constant danger, giving little thought to what they are giving up but thinking only of what they can give. They are not trying to bring to the Vietnamese farmers an adaptation of the middle-class American dream. They are bringing friendship and a chance for some happiness.

Before starting a portrait, I usually asked my subjects: "Where are you from?" Texas, Virginia, Ohio. Everywhere, the reciting of the rosary of states seemed essential in establishing the first contact. It is not enough to be an American: Identity is only fixed when you are seen on the background of your state, town, or farm.

Drawing as well as posing stimulates talk. The usual inhibition of a conversation between total strangers disappears. My models taught me that without losing one's national roots one can become an integral part of the world, and that loving may become more important than being loved. I also learned from these young soldiers who live at such a high level of awareness and concern that they were not only willing to stay and continue their work under these harrowing circumstances, but that some of those who were about to be transferred wanted to come back. It was difficult for me to keep an equilibrium between my hatred of war and my admiration for the men in it.

At one of the villages, a young captain told me a story about the power of television. After the desperate battle during the 1968 Communist Tet offensive, when finally the Viet Cong abandoned the captured South Vietnamese city of Hue, the captain had orders for a house-to-house search. Neither he nor his company had ever been trained in this type of warfare. He had no manual, no superior officer to instruct him. He asked his men if any of them had ever seen the television program *Combat.* They all had watched it. Well then, he said, "Let's do this just the way they did it on *Combat.*" They did—and it worked.

This captain, a man of intense imagination, gave me a strange experience. When we left the village where I had been working to go to my next assignment, he made a detour as there was something he wanted to show me. We drove on monotonously for a long time. Suddenly, like a mirage, on the barren, melancholy plain appeared a spectacular, lone, neo-baroque basilica. There were no villages, not even houses around it, only a procession of life-size statues of the Stations of the Cross on each side of the road leading toward the basilica. The basilica brought to mind Debussy's "Submerged Cathedral," but here, instead of by the sea, it was submerged by silence and solitude. Built in 1789, this immense Shrine of Mary of La Vong stands like the wild dream of a missionary, untouched, waiting over the empty plain, its village congregations dispersed by wars.

From Quang Tri we flew to Phu Bai in a flimsy, one-engine plane. At the 3rd Combined Action Group Headquarters, the officer in charge told me that seven men in the hills, at a fire base, wanted very much to have their portraits done. In a Jeep, we drove (Continued on page 131)

BY AN ARTIST
WHO SEES WITH HER EYES
AND HER HEART

BONNIE FRANKLIN
of *Applause*—
fast, funny, always
on strong

MELBA MOORE
of *Purlie*—on Broadway—
a gawky innocent,
volatile, comic

BERT STERN

futures, great



SANDY DUNCAN of *The Boy Friend*— all charm and the Charleston

BONNIE FRANKLIN, a small, green-eyed redhead with a big mouth and a funny cough of a laugh, takes over the hit Broadway musical *Applause* for a sudden, fast ten minutes in her rôle as a dancer who cleverly organizes the patrons in an after-hours theatre-restaurant in a singing-dancing salute to show biz. "Since the audience doesn't know who I am, I really have to come on strong," she said. The audience has learned quickly. Always on, with a voice that glides in on conversational prey, Bonnie Franklin, who claims not to have danced since she was nine ("I'm not really a dancer"), played Viola in the West Coast production of *Your Own Thing*, rock Shakespeare, and then hit Off-Broadway in *Dames at Sea*. Next is more applause.

MELBA MOORE, a small, pretty girl with an endless, versatile, straight-through-you voice, is twenty-four years old, bright, practical, New York born. In two years, she went from schoolteaching and singing in the background on other people's records to her own hilarious parody of Diana Ross in the Broadway musical *Hair*, up to the lead rôle there, and off to *Purlie* and the Tony Award for the best supporting actress in a musical. There she wins everything—the hero, the audience, the critics—playing a gawky innocent. Till now a good young singer still reaching for a style, suddenly she's herself, an accomplished comic actress, panning her wide-angle eyes around and shifting instantaneously from sweet to shriek—a trick that always works when she sings, too. Melba Moore keeps succeeding. There is no better way to success.

SANDY DUNCAN, twenty-four, all charm and dancing the Charleston, with a squeal of a voice and flying reddish-blond hair, grabs for her own the Broadway revival of the 'twenties-spoof musical *The Boy Friend* with "Safety in Numbers" and an extravagant solo on point. Brought up on summer musicals in Dallas, Texas, and ingénue leads in summer stock, Sandy Duncan, an old-fashioned adorable, is going steady with *The Boy Friend*, shooting television commercials and waiting for the big part, just a shake of her hair away.



GLENDA JACKSON

A British actress who has never given less than a flawless performance on the stage or in movies, Glenda Jackson has twice been directed by Ken Russell, first as Gudrun in the movie *Women in Love* and now in the new Tchaikovsky movie *The Lonely Heart* as the composer's nymphomaniac wife; the marriage lasted eleven weeks. At first sight Glenda Jackson seems plain and unadorned—cropped head, pale skin, irregular teeth—but her no-nonsense ways are tempered by her eyes, her voice vibrant, her mouth comical and curving. She was an illumination as Ophelia with the Royal Shakespeare Company, a fierce and burning Charlotte Corday in *Marat/Sade.* At times she has a tendency to overcomplicate, to be so subtle that no one knows what she's doing. As a change from neurotic ladies, she is now with Peter Finch doing the movie *Bloody Sunday*, directed by John Schlesinger from the Penelope Gilliatt script. In this rôle she is sane, liberal, and balanced—and finally hurt, for the film is a minute charting of small, personal tragedies, the detailing of the emotional happenings in the course of a day.

Glenda Jackson uses her fine, flexible intelligence as a far more powerful tool than glamour.

KEN RUSSELL

A British director with an extravagance of imagination and bluster, Ken Russell has swept out in a grand disruption of ideas, images, and attitudes the old realism and stiltedness of English film while inventing a genre new for BBC television, the fictionalized biography. He always has a diviner's eye for casting. He put Glenda Jackson in two of his movies, put Oliver Reed, sunk in horror films, into his television play on Debussy. Fleshy, overblown in face and body, Russell is at odds physically with the delicacies of his work. In *Women in Love,* his movie based on the D. H. Lawrence novel, he rather breathlessly explored techniques, but some of his set pieces—the wrestling, the love scene on the river bank—come off through nerve. He began on the BBC where he conjured for television the lives of the composers who fascinated him: Elgar, Delius, Debussy. A genius at period, he put on for the BBC the life of Richard Strauss, the composer, which turned into a "comic strip in seven parts." Although the critics hated it for its self-indulgence, Russell rode their spleen triumphantly.

Ken Russell uses his aesthete's mind like a brutal wind to blow down the old techniques of movies.

SNOWDON



THE FASHION FOR

fake furs



It's a fake-quake—
stampeding into fashion
now. Fake furs, greater
looking than ever
before, the coats
everyone—*everyone*—
will be wearing. Curly,
shaggy, wild, warm, spotted,
striped—whatever animals
are, they are.
Anything's possible now
(Rhinoceros, of courseros—
Mongolia,we tolia)
and everything's marvellous.
Enjoy them, fling them
to all lengths,
crack them at the waist
with belts, cap them,
collar them—
they're the most, the furriest,
the fakest....

ZACHARIASEN

The lamb what am, left—Mongolian in spirit, fake as they come. Curly, shaded white to brown, a long coat with big collar—great looking, all warmth. By Pierre Cardin-New York, of vinyl and Vinyon (Glenoit fabric). Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Ben Berger mittens. Capezio boots.

Snow leopards, faking it together, right—long coat with notched collar, suède midriff (we belted over it with leather). Short-jacket suit with brown suède waist and cuffs, suède midi skirt (and a purple shirt, not shown). Coat and suit: Originala, of Verel and Dynel (Borg fabric). Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Left leopard: choker by Ruza Creations; belt by Elegant. Belt, right: Yves Saint Laurent by Colony Designs. Coiffures, these ten pages, by Christiaan of Henri Bendel.

fake furs



Midi coat of brown fake Persian lamb with a flared skirt, small top, a waist we cinched with leather. By David Kidd Boutique, Orlon and Dynel fabric by Borg; about $165. At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus. Battani choker. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent.

ZACHARIASEN

Fake seal at play—doing good tricks with glacé leather that makes a scalloped tab, belt, sleeves of woven leather strips. Everything black. By Cuddlecoat, of Crylor (Glenoit fabric); about $185. Bloomingdale's; Halle's-Cleveland; Wm. H. Block; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. David Evins boots.

Fake mink in dark dark brown—a midi coat with black leather sleeves, wide belt (a thin black sash comes with it). Originala, of Vinyon and modacrylic (De Ball of America fabric). Best & Co.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan. Grandoe mittens. Fake fur hat, to order from Halston. Here and at left: Capezio boots.

Suit of fake [illegible]
left—short jacket, [illegible]
skirt—in aubergine colo[illegible]
Calvin Klein; rayon and
cotton (Amity fabric);
about $110. Bloomingdale's;
Jacobson's, Michigan;
D.H. Holmes; Joseph
Magnin. Adolfo hat.
Feathers, above, made into
fur—coat of real ostrich
feathers with a black-and-
white fur look. By Ron
Simonelli; Ivy inter-
national fabric; about
$170. Benwit Teller.
Ruza Creations choker.
Belt: Joan Ann Jablow.

fake furs

Fake fur as fur as yet invented—perhaps long-haired hippopotamus (wolly notamus?). Coat, left—beige-toned, wrapped, belted, long and really snuggly. Kiminetta by Garguilo, Verel and Dynel fabric by Borg: about $165. Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Belt: Joan Ann Jablow. Grandoe mittens. Capezio boots.

Narrow midi coat of fake chinchilla, above, with grey leather pockets and front band. By Beged-Or; about $165. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Pants of rayon and cotton (Cohama fabric). Wolf, right, faked for a jacket. By Donnybrook, of Verel and acrylic (Norwood fabric); about $65. At Arnold Constable; Snake-printed Zouave pants by Scott Barrie for Barrie-Sport, of Enka rayon (Timme fabric). Belt by Elegant. Bag: Ellen Mos...

ZACHARIASEN

Gaucho (one of Midi's boys?)—a great look for black fake broadtail. Lon cape, long unbutton skirt. Calvin Klein; Amity rayon and cotton. About $225 with an ivory shirt not shown. Bloomin dale's; Wanamaker Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Maguin. Gaucho h Adolfo. Gregory shirt. Sash by Elegant. Davi Evins boots.



Fake deer—tan, brown, white—leaping into a long tunic and pants with a brown Aerilan sweater. By Günter for Projeet 2; fake fur of cotton and rayon; $185. To order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Scarf by Odyssey.



fake furs

Outfoxing in the park—fake red fox as a poncho with one sleeve, a hemline of real fox tails. Don Simonelli, of Verel and acrylic (Malden fabric). At Bonwit Teller. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Boots: Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

ZACHARIASEN

Guanaco fake—tawny, long-haired: a jacket with fake leather sleeves and pockets. Zipped up the front. Matching jumpsuit of fake leather. By David Kidd Boutique, jacket of Verel and Dynel (Borg fabric). At Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus.

Fake fur vest—streaky beige-to-brown—with a grey twill skirt, pink shirt of rayon-and-acetate crêpe. Wragge-Prerogative; vest of Verel and acrylic (Malden fabric). Shirt, about $40; skirt, about $46; vest, about $55. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Scarf: Up Tight for Halston. Capezio [illegible], here and above.

Gorilla, faked—can't climb the Empire State Building, but makes a zowie black midi coat. Fake giraffe pants, black and white. Coat: Beene Bazaar; Verel and Kodel (Borg fabric), about $200. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Pants by Scott Barrie for Barrie-Sport, of Enka rayon (Timme fabric). David Evins boots.

fake furs



Fake leopard for a swinging midi skirt and sleeveless bolero banded in snake. Black wool jersey turtleneck. Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr International; about $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus. Scarf: Up Tied for Halston. Belts, here and left, by Elegant. Coiffures, these ten pages: Christiaan of Henri Bendel.

ZACHARIASEN



MEDITATION

AN OPEN WAY TO SERENITY OF MIND AND BODY

BY SACHINDRA K. MAJUMDAR

Thanks to the Beatles, the word meditation is on the lips of many. Some are curious; others sense in it an answer to a deep need of the times. It is not a passing fad. Interest in it has been growing slowly and silently over the years and today there are many people, young and old, who practise it seriously.

Only a decade or so ago, interest in meditation would have been generally dismissed—in a culture dedicated to action—as an idle preoccupation, a flight from the real concerns of life. The mood is evidently changing and we may as well ask, why?

First, the unquestioning trust in the old order has vanished; established values are being challenged. And amid the prevalent fear and tension, there is groping for a new vision, a new outlook which can bring sense and security to life which seems to be losing both. There is a wide- *(Continued)*

MARISA BERENSON TAKES THE LOTUS POSITION

. . . arranging her limbs in the graceful shape of the flower for which it is named; the first step to deep repose and disciplined meditation. . . . Marisa, a quick, vivid beauty—the great-niece of Bernard Berenson, granddaughter of Schiaparelli—was caught in the whirl of her own fame when, at eighteen, she became a successful mannequin. With all the hard work, the excitements and diversions that can set up an obbligato of taut nerves. For Marisa the daily practice of transcendental meditation has replaced tension with relaxation, heightened awareness, and livelier senses. "I really got into it in India when I was at Ashram where people are taught to meditate—the atmosphere was incredible, so peaceful. For three days the monks talk to you and test you. They explain meditation and give you your mantra—a word or sound they choose according to your vibrations. One's mantra is personal and private; I can't tell you mine. To meditate—as I do in the morning and evening—you sit in the lotus position and close your eyes and let your thoughts come and go. You repeat your mantra until you feel yourself becoming very relaxed. Your mind empties; you feel yourself going down and down, like into a deep tunnel, until you're totally relaxed. . . . Most human beings use only a quarter of their minds; what meditation does is get you down into your subconscious. You're suddenly aware of everything and completely at peace. You're not possessive, everything is love, everything becomes blissful. . . . Now in ordinary life I find I work twice as hard—and better, because I'm more aware of myself. And I feel much better because all my health problems before were caused by nervousness. . . . Most people who meditate are vegetarians; I don't eat meat at all—just fish, salads, eggs, that sort of thing. . . . This whole thing has changed my life, and the more you get into it, the more you want to do it." . . . To more than one observer it shows in the shine of serenity and love that has made a very pretty girl much more than a very pretty girl, one whose mind has taken the natural path to "a field of greater happiness."

BERRY BERENSON

(Continued) spread feeling of estrangement from the deeper realities not only among the youthful idealists but also among mature men of action. There is trouble in the soul, a feeling of crisis and of pain and emptiness that no distractions can silence. Much of what is called action today is only a senseless kind of inertia—movement in the old ruts, stereotyped living which has ceased to bring pleasure or profit.

Second, there is a loss of faith in the dogmatic religions which have in some instances lost their hold on the minds of modern men, and the failure as well of modern psychology which, several decades ago, came hopefully to many as a substitute for faith, promising balm to the troubled heart by unravelling the mysteries of mind.

Not surprisingly, an increasing number of people are looking around and many are turning to Oriental thought and meditation as a key to inner peace and a deeper meaning in life.

It has been mistakenly thought and propagated for long that meditation is opposed to action and that it has no practical bearing on life. This is not so. As a matter of fact, the idea of meditation came thousands of years ago to men who were active in debate, war and government, to princes and warriors, the philosopher-kings of ancient India.

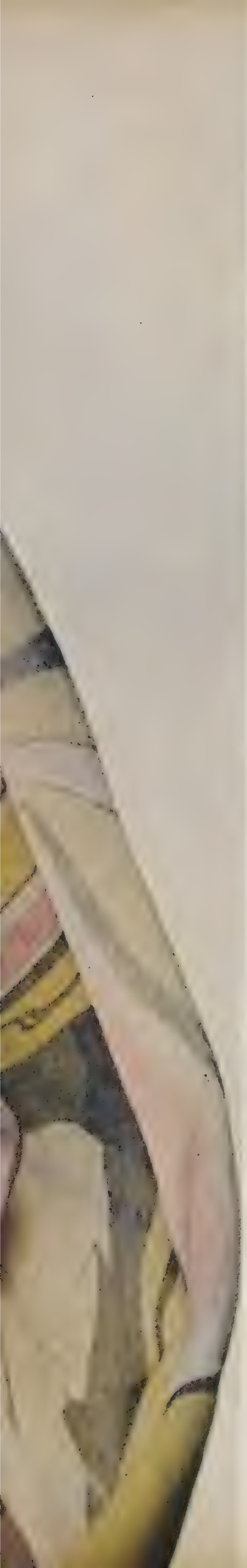
Meditation is not possible without the active expression of life, nor is meaningful action conceivable without contemplation. A true life is a blend of action and contemplation. Meditation throws action into right perspective. War and peace begin in the hearts of men; war from hatred, peace from love.

Before I go on to describe the nature of meditation and its technique, I want to relate some of its great benefits that nothing else in the world can give. Meditation has marvellous effects on health and attractiveness, apart from its spiritual results which are practical in the highest degree.

The daily practice of meditation is a powerful tonic to the body and mind. It taps hidden reservoirs of energy, organizes the mind and makes it dynamic. It acquaints us with the subtler workings of the psyche and helps us form right judgments about persons and problems. It rests the nerves, improves the function of the glands and promotes the health of the cardiovascular system. The entire organism benefits, and many aches, pains, and troubles may disappear without drugs or surgery.

Meditation develops the powers of finer perception and gives us an insight into the proper needs of the body, what food is good for us, what we should avoid, how much rest we need and what kind of care the body requires. It eliminates those false appetites which are emotional in origin and which make us eat beyond our needs to the detriment of health and figure. Beyond this, meditation improves one's looks and appearance, it preserves youthfulness of body and mind. And frequently, it rejuvenates, especially when combined with yoga physical postures.

Beauty, it has been said, is the attractive power of perfection. The eternal perfection of the spirit is always in us. Man is never a sinner, nor is he a poor, miserable creature. He commits mistakes but no one can rob him of the immortal heritage of divine perfection which lies hidden in the obscure depths of his personality. (Continued)



COLOURCASTING: THE DESIGNING WOMAN TURNS ON THE BERBERY

Remember when colours used to sneak about on a face as if they were trying to get away with something—like putting you over as natural? No more of that, dear. In makeup, the representational is giving way to pure abstract art. We're the designing women, whimsically painting inverted yellow triangles on forehead, covering our newly slender eyebrows with colour, drawing half-moons under our eyes, extending facial makeup right down to our décolletage. No matter what shades we cook up in our little pots, we use them with wit and give them clear boundaries. Even the faintest colours we are far from faint-hearted in defining. We put them in their place. . . . It's this kind of colour planning that gives the face here its magnetic draw. Makeup's from Revlon's most agreeably flexible new Ultima II makeup palette. Borrowing on recollections of the Berber beauties of the Atlas Mountains, Vogue was the exterior decorator. (Did you know that Moroccan Berbers are fair skinned, wear instead of a facial veil some skillfully applied paint? In case you didn't, we thought you'd like to.) . . . Do we expect to meet up with you on the Avenue, your face dressed precisely like this? Naturally, no. But you will want to know how to interplay the challenging new shades and textures of the Ultima II ingredients that made it possible. And you will find out on page 12, where Ultima II Summerplace Face and Silkprint Eye are explored and there is also a timely thought from Charles Revson on colour and the Face of Today. . . . (The headdress: four long scarfs of printed chiffon, by Odyssey.)

PENN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

(Continued) The practice of meditation progressively unifies and calms the mind, drawing it closer to the indwelling spirit. The restfulness and peace that come from meditation not only take away the ugly marks of tension from the face but imprint upon it the qualities of spirit. Serenity and confidence, love and warmth, strength and compassion of soul are reflected in the face and eyes.

A few who are not born beautiful become attractive as they grow in years. This is due to the manifestation of spiritual qualities in their face—due to their thoughts and emotions, which are good and true. The beauty of the soul is like the elusive, faraway blue of the sky which can be seen but never touched.

True beauty is a reminder of the spirit. It is in this sense that mystics and poets have said: Truth is Beauty, the intrinsic worth of Reality. Some forms bring us almost to the shores of the beyond, the mystery that surrounds existence.

In this direction, six months of regular and earnest practice of meditation will assuredly produce noticeable results. However, it is necessary first to have some clear ideas about its nature and practice.

Meditation is the practice of inwardness; it is focusing one's mind on one's true and abiding self, the transcendental spirit which is the eternal background of all existence and whose real nature is pure awareness, love, and peace. Meditation is the discovery of one's true identity, the fundamental truth of life and existence. In terms which have become current, meditation is expansion of consciousness, i.e., the liberation of consciousness from the fetters and illusions of ignorance.

To approach the basic truth of life most of us need the help of some concrete symbols, ideas or images as supports for contemplation. The subjects for meditation are reminders of the tranquil spiritual truth that lies hidden behind our restless mind.

Some modern art, the non-objective art so reminiscent of the tantric art of India ages ago, has a similar function, serving as the springboard for flight into the pure and universal subjectivity of spirit.

The following hints on practice tested by centuries of experience will be useful for all who want to practise meditation seriously.

Sit with crossed legs on the floor in a clean and quiet spot in the meditative posture (learn more of this from a book on yoga), holding the back, neck and head in a line. If you find this difficult, sit on a sofa or a chair, stretch your legs (Continued)



COLOURCASTING: THE DESIGNING WOMAN GETS WELL-ORIENTED

Do we expect you to turn up at an Occidental fête looking for all the world as if you'd broken the beauty code of the Mysterious East? Why not? The very same makeup imparting that fragile delicacy to the dazzlers you see at the Kabuki is now to be found in your local boulevard, thanks to Shiseido, the Japanese cosmetic genie. Shiseido delicacies creating the porcelain perfection of the look here start with Naked Frost, a satiny makeup stick that glides luminosity over face and shoulders. Matched arcs of lavender are painted with a pearly cream over the merest hint of eyebrows. Eyes, ears, and mouth are meticulously outlined in pink (that's Sakura Pink Lipstick she's wearing). Pink Chiffon makeup stick draws triangles on cheeks, counterpoints them with a pink arc at point of chin. Two skinny face-framing braids complete the composition. . . . See how easy it is, Madame Butterfingers? (Hand-painted Indian silk scarf by Odyssey. . . . Shell necklace from Jamaica, with coloured seeds, by Richelieu.)



PENN



(Continued) and put them on a support. Keep the arms resting on your knees or folded. Wear fresh, clean but loose clothes. Keep some for meditation alone. Some flowers and incense around will be helpful.

Close your eyes and suggest to yourself that you are now leaving behind the finite and everyday world and that you are retiring into the realm of the infinite beyond.

Suggest that your body is the temple of the spirit, that it is pure and clean like a crystal, soft, fresh, and supple like a fresh blown flower.

Do a few simple rhythmic breathings. Try this to begin with: Inhale slowly counting to six, exhale counting to nine and pause, after exhalation, for six counts. Do this six times.

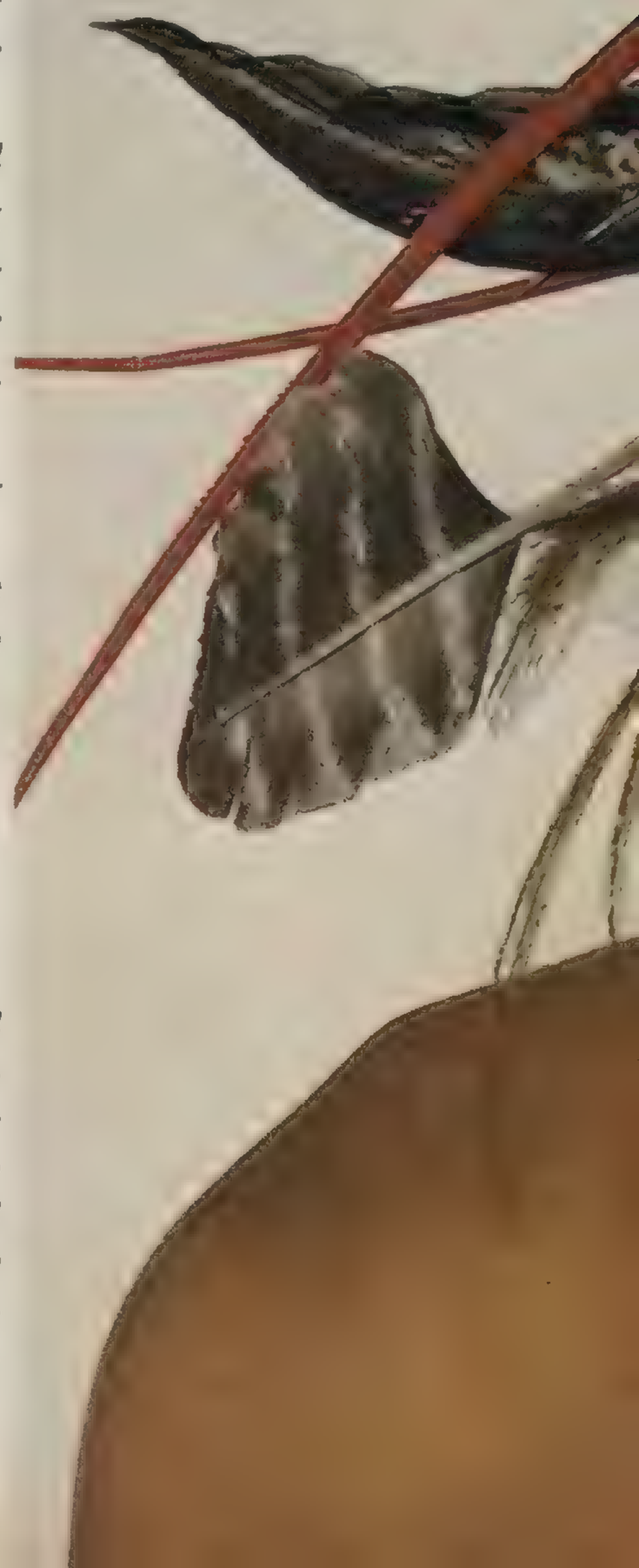
Then turn your attention to the indwelling spirit, the inner ruler in the heart and pray for health, strength, and enlightenment. Send our thoughts of love and peace all around you.

Next take up a luminous image, a flower, a candle flame, or, best of all, the figure of an enlightened saint you love and place it in the heart, the area where the emotional reflexes are felt. Locate the area by tracing your feelings. Look at the image steadily and imagine that your mind is merging with the object, that your heart is filled with love and peace. Continue and feel that you and all forms are melting away into a vast, boundless, formless ocean of luminous silence and peace. Repetition of Om or other holy names during contemplation will be of great help. Practise for fifteen minutes to begin with. Increase gradually as you develop a taste for it. Meditate at least once a day at the same hour, twice if possible. The best times are early morning and sunset. You can do it before retiring at night, too. Meditate regularly without fail unless you are sick or very tired or are prevented by some special reason. Meditation will peel off layer after layer of mind and bring you face to face with the subtler underlying truths.

Meditation will be more effective if you become acquainted with the philosophy behind it and get a feeling of its truth and beauty by reading a few modern books. I recommend the following for beginners: 1) Raja-Yoga, *by Swami Vivekananda; 2)* Collected Poems and Plays, *by Rabindranath Tagore; 3)* Last Diaries, *by Leo Tolstoy (select portions); 4)* A Candle of Vision, *by George Russell (A. E.); 5)* Introduction to Yoga Principles and Practices, *by Sachindra K. Majumdar. These books can be found in book stores and libraries.*

Finally, instruction from a qualified teacher, experienced in theory and practice, will be of inestimable help. It is much the best way to begin.

The fruits of meditation are great. The Bhagavad Gita, *the popular Hindu scripture, says that even a little of it saves one from great fear and that one who is established in meditation is not shaken even by a mountain of misery.*



COLOURCASTING: THE DESIGNING WOMAN GETS SOME INDIAN POW. WOW!

Do we expect to encounter you stalking through the forest primaeval with your face in the Indian war paint, right? Not at all. Or not in all of it, anyway. And furthermore it's not Indian war paint, but some very sound and sunny colours from Fabergé's satchel of makeup tricks. With them, John Richardson, the makeup artist, did this American Indian-inspired face for Vogue. She's bronzed from hairline to waist in Bronze Baby cream. Her cheeks are russet apples, thanks to Rosy Glow Cheekstick, which also kissed her chin, shoulders, and inside ears for an extra dollop of health. The white-and-yellow sunburst opens wide and clarifies her eye. The Bloomin Red lipstick on her mouth is tawned with Nude. . . . She couldn't look more drenched by sun and fine pine-scented air, even though we happen to know that her particular brave rarely lets her out of the wigwam. (Around the neck, glazed cobra skin by Fleming-Joffe. Hair dressed by Franklyn Welsh.)



THE GLOW-GETTER HAIR

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY ABOUT ITS WEAR AND CARE...HOW YOU GET IT...HOW YOU WEAR IT...HOW YOU KEEP IT GLOWING

YOU SEE THE GLOW-GETTERS WEARING IT MORE AND MORE—*the simply great hair, seemingly not "coiffed" at all, just doing what comes naturally, beautifully. It shimmers like fabric, plays charmingly in the wind. On the street, on the beach, it's a ballet of light, each strand an individual performer, but all strands obviously meant for each other....It's the hair mainly of the young—and their elders are wondering if it has to be their exclusive property. We took that question to a panel of hair maestros, and the answer we got was: It does not.... Glow-getter hair is simply healthy hair, meticulously tended by people who have received their training from experts. It's a combination of proper shampooing, conditioning, and styling that fits into your way of life. There's nothing happening to glow-getter hair that can't be emulated by the après-30 crowd, as you'll see....*

KNOW YOUR OWN HAIR. Know that thin hair is not necessarily fine hair, and vice versa. Know that thick hair is not necessarily coarse hair. Know what your problems are. "There is vast confusion about what should be treated," said Kenneth the Great. "For oily hair, it's the scalp that needs help. To gain body, it's the hair itself."..."Women should know what they want from their hair, and be trained by the hairdresser to know how to get it," said Paul McGregor, hair stylist and glow-getter trainer.

THE KINDEST CUT? *"People over 21 can now wear long hair, especially if it is long in back and shorter on the sides," said Paul McGregor...."If the hair is cut properly every month, 90% of women's hair problems would be solved," observed Paul Mitchell, executive crimper of The Crimpers....Once a month is what most of the cutting kings hold for. Except Louis Guy D', whose haircutting prowess is celebrated among the glow-getters. He expects his girls back no sooner than 6 to 8 weeks. Louis's kindest cut is given with the girl standing up so he gets the full view of body, face, and hair at eye level. He clips the back a little shorter than the front, "because the back grows twice as fast."*

SHAMPOO WHENEVER YOU NEED TO. No rules. "Whenever it no longer feels silky," suggested Leslie Blanchard, colour consultant to Clairol. The experts agree that once a week is minimum, and that every day won't hurt—if that's what your particular brand of hair asks for. Some once-a-week glow-getters wash the bangs and hairline daily, with a very tight shower-cap on....Oily hair requires more frequent shampooing than dry hair, needs all the more a wash 'n wear hair style....To avoid overcleaning, LATHER ONLY ONCE is the interesting direction of some specialists, Paul Mitchell of The Crimpers, Kenneth, and Georgette Briand among them.... THE PROPER SHAMPOO IS VITAL. Read the label to see if it's specified for dry, oily, normal, bleached hair. Leslie Blanchard recommends a diversified diet of shampoos "because the body and texture of hair varies from day to day."... Most of our hair mentors like a "bland shampoo." What's a bland shampoo? A delicate one, one that doesn't burn your eyes.

MASSAGE, CAN IT HELP? *It must be careful massage that knows exactly what it's doing. Overzealous, uninformed massage can break hair. Dr. Irwin Lubowe, New York dermatologist, suggests massaging without touching hair: at front of forehead, at back of neck. The Japanese have a similar technique: pressure is exerted by the thumb on the vessel which lies between the two ligaments where skull meets neck....Lying on a tilt board, or dropping head over edge of bed and brushing hair from nape are equally good circulation builders.*

CANDICE BERGEN, SUPER GLOW-GETTER

In the gleamiest, dreamiest hair, you can be sure **CONDITIONING** made all the difference. The conditioner is the grand and vital finale to any shampoo. To Dr. Norman Orentreich, noted dermatologist, a conditioner is any product which gives sheen, anti-static properties, and manageability. "Whether you get any one or all of these properties from a conditioner depends on your hair characteristics, the time of year, and what you've done to your hair in the last week or two," he said...."I can give you the most fantastic cut in the world," said Louis Guy D'. "But it's the conditioner that keeps the sheen up."

JOHN COWAN

HEY,
LOOK AT
HAIR...

THE GLOW-GETTER HAIR

BERT STERN

Hey, look at hair, the wash 'n wear hair, moving in on the face. They're keeping it close to the head, the snappiest glow-getters, and it's a breeze to keep. Cut chin-length (left), clipped shorter in back, it swings with the wearer, gets a piece of the action. . . Cut ear-length (right), it swerves larkily in on the brow, surrounds the face like quotation marks. . . Left, modacrylic Swinger wig, by Tovar-Tresses. Brown-and-white Avril-and-cotton shirt, by Malbe, $20. Bloomingdale's. . . Right, "Nature Blend" Pert wig, by Helene Curtis. Black-and-white cotton shirt, by Malbe, Peter Pan fabric, $20. Lord & Taylor.

(More hair, next page.)

THE GLOW-GETTER HAIR

For the glow-getter who wants the best of both worlds, likes both the long and short of hair, there's a spectacular way to wrap the case up, shown above. A lacquer-red pleated cotton handkerchief catches the long hair up into the tiniest chignon at nape of neck, leaving the tidiest little skull in town to glow on and on.... In the brilliant colour-casting opposite, the blunt-tipped blue-violet wig is worn like a cap over the glow-getter's own dark hair, which frames the face and tosses a forelock back over the crown of the wig.... Abbott Tresses Dynel "Laura" wig and red suède dog collar, both designed by Halston. Red silk jersey shirt, also by Halston, $80. At Bloomingdale's. Blue monkey beads on red leather thong, by Michael Danyon.

BERT STERN

COLOURCASTING: VIOLET GOES TO THE HEAD

GAE AULENTI

NEW FORCE IN ITALIAN DESIGN

BY ALBERTO ARBASINO

"Never decoration, only design," Gae Aulenti said quietly. She amplified, in more critical terms: "Structure, *not* surface. Form, not covering."

Because she works with these principles, her move from architecture to interior design is not just another step in the chronicles of current taste, but a symbolic episode in the cultural history of contemporary Italy.

Gae Aulenti achieves instantly acclaimed results by meeting the "problem of the interior" directly—not with wallpaper or furnishings or fabrics, but with the tools of culture: critical reflections, ideas; and with those of the mason: bricks, walls.

Behind her famous lamps, behind her celebrated shops, behind the newly finished yet already widely heralded apartment in Milan, behind her own regret at feeling herself confined by such success to the specialized field of interior design, lies an intellectual chronicle that is "the true story of Gae Aulenti as told by herself" and the ideological autobiography of a whole generation of Milanese architects crippled by the demonstrated fact that "the architect can function only where he does not interfere with political power."

This pale, dark-haired young woman, who, while attentive and very serious, is quick to laugh and who combines an almost bucolic charm with the sturdy mentality of an engineer, belongs to an entirely northern Italy. This means: the Lombard plain, reflectiveness, severity, stylization, puritanism, constructivism, progressivism, economy of means, the Romanesque, the neo-classic, technology, *Mitteleuropa*, skeptical irony, Fernet-Branca, big industry, smog clouds, the internal dilemma of constantly wavering between rational Classicism and Romantic abandon, modern paintings on white cementite walls (or in bank vaults), Brecht, Olivetti, winters spent at home, the stock market, maniacal obsession with work, red wine, La Scala, Milan. What it does *not* mean includes: instinct, gossip, theatre, ornamental swirls and spirals and fringes, fountains, public illuminations, the Mediterranean, the Renaissance, stucco work, the Baroque, the upholstered, the dressmaker's shop, the trattoria, old paintings (even forgeries) in gilded frames hung against damasks and brocades, summers in the street, sun, debts, white wine, ices, Fellini, clams, St. Peter's, Rome.

Unquestionably, a collective frustration lies behind the current triumphs of Italian Design. Milan is, in point of fact, the capital of the best design in Europe, thanks to gifted architects who have made design their second choice and who, at the price of galling effort, have overcome the rear-guard cultural battles waged in the name of the Bauhaus and of Gropius, in order to embrace fantasies that are often very hippie, hedonistically sporting feathers and necklaces and incense, San Francisco posters, (Continued on page 120)

Startling new Milan apartment by Gae Aulenti

Gae Aulenti, detonator of the new Italian design explosion, architect and interior designer of this fascinating apartment in Milan, Italy, where the problem was quite simply to organize spaces that stand by themselves and at the same time to incorporate a small but important group of paintings and sculpture in the owner's collection. Aulenti wanted there to be no test of strength between the collection and the architecture. First, she allowed for an unbroken continuity between the entrance and the living room in which she pastured some ten sheep by François Xavier Lalanne, the ingenious French sculptor. She then designed precisely for this house the lighting and acoustics systems. Her points: the magnet rotating ball lights allowing direct illumination of the masterpieces with the unshielded spotlights in full view. They can be turned in any direction. The half spheres, also rotating on magnets, contain the loud speakers, allowing homogeneous acoustics in the entire apartment. Aulenti used only one colour—a deep, thick brown for the carpet and all the furniture: Nothing to distract from the bold paintings and the sculpture. **Right:** ***The entrance with the living room, the Lalanne sheep, the bronze sculpture "Walking Man" by Ernest Trova, and the two paintings, "Study for Portrait X" by Francis Bacon and "Helix" by Kenneth Noland, reflected in the shiny surface of the wall.***

UGO MULAS



(Continued) and Third World djellabas. But Milanese Design also suffers from an organizational ailment that is specifically Italian: the waste of creative talent.

We witness the triumph of much admired prototypes: lamps, chairs, delightful household appliances. Yet only rarely is the inspired individual design followed up by competent mass production. Foreign students who come to Milan—from Japan, say—to "learn Italian Design" are stunned: There is no school of design but only the creativity of some isolated talents and a series of shutouts that prevent architects from building houses or other primary structures.

What about interior design, then? Again, one must distinguish between Milan and Rome.

Milan is a utilitarian city that continually tears down and rebuilds itself—although badly. People go out very little. They entertain at home. They make very little show of their considerable wealth.

What have been the recent developments in modern Milanese interior design? Several years back, we went through the Ephemeral Phase: Entire rooms were painted a glossy black for the duration of a single season; armchairs (Continued on page 123)

"Flowing space and art" in the living room of Milan apartment

The whole space of this marvellous room by Gae Aulenti has been painted with shiny paint in order that all the objects reflect in it, thus creating a sense of movement. As all the low chairs and sofas tend to disappear into the horizontal of the floor—the same thickly rich brown colour—the only vertical elements are the Trova sculpture and the amazing "Four Columns" by Pavlos. **Opposite:** ***The Trova, the Bacon "Three Studies of the Human Head," and the Noland reflected in the low-swung ceiling.*** **Above:** ***A corner of the living room with the Roy Lichtenstein "In the Car," the George Segal sculpture, "The Shower Stall," and in a niche the Raymond Duchamp-Villon bronze, "Torso of a Young Man." The "Pop" factory table has been chosen for its violent impact.*** **Near right, this page:** ***Part of the entrance with a pair of lamps designed by Gae Aulenti and an amusing and powerful Michelangelo Pistoletto mirror-painting called "Man at the Telephone, 'Quick, Good Morning.' "***



UGO MULAS





MILAN

(Continued) were inflatable; furniture was supersoft; all furnishings were throwaways; mirrors were provisionally placed to fake an extra dimension. All these things were introduced into the conventional layout of the middle-class apartment—foyer, living room, sleeping quarters, bathrooms, and kitchens—with no attempt at freshly conceived spatial divisions.

Then we had the house that was entirely empty of furniture: the pile carpet climbed from the floor to the walls, covering enormous steps and immense cubes on which one sat. But here we are already in Aulenti territory. Ten years ago, Gae was the first to experiment with the house that had neither rooms nor furniture; she worked only with spaces and with walls that were knocked down and rebuilt and covered with fabrics.

Rome, on the other hand, has witnessed a succession of two mannerisms. First, for a period of several decades, one had nothing but boiserie complete with fireplace, "important" painting above the fireplace, wide divans all tapestried and fringed that rested on a splendid pile carpet. Very "palatial" in tone. Very antiquarian. Very Boutique Jansen. Lots of turquoise-coloured libraries. Lots of (Continued on page 135)

Bedroom and bathroom set in one in Milan apartment

Gae Aulenti architecturally composed only one integrated space for the bedroom and bathroom, put them on different levels, with each work of art meant specifically for only one precise spot. Practical, slightly clinical, separated, the bedroom and bathroom combined depend, for effect, partially on the paintings which include "Flowers" by Andy Warhol, the Emil Nolde "Two Russians," and the Arman "Accumulation of Mechanical Eggs." The Feininger rests above the bed; the Magritte bronze with water, "La Folie des Grandeurs," is in the bath part. Two steel cylinders emphasize the architecture of the bathroom. (The smaller cylinder contains the shower, the larger the toilet and bidet.) Gae Aulenti also designed the enormous lighted bowls for flowers or for great bunches of dried reeds and grasses.

UGO MULAS

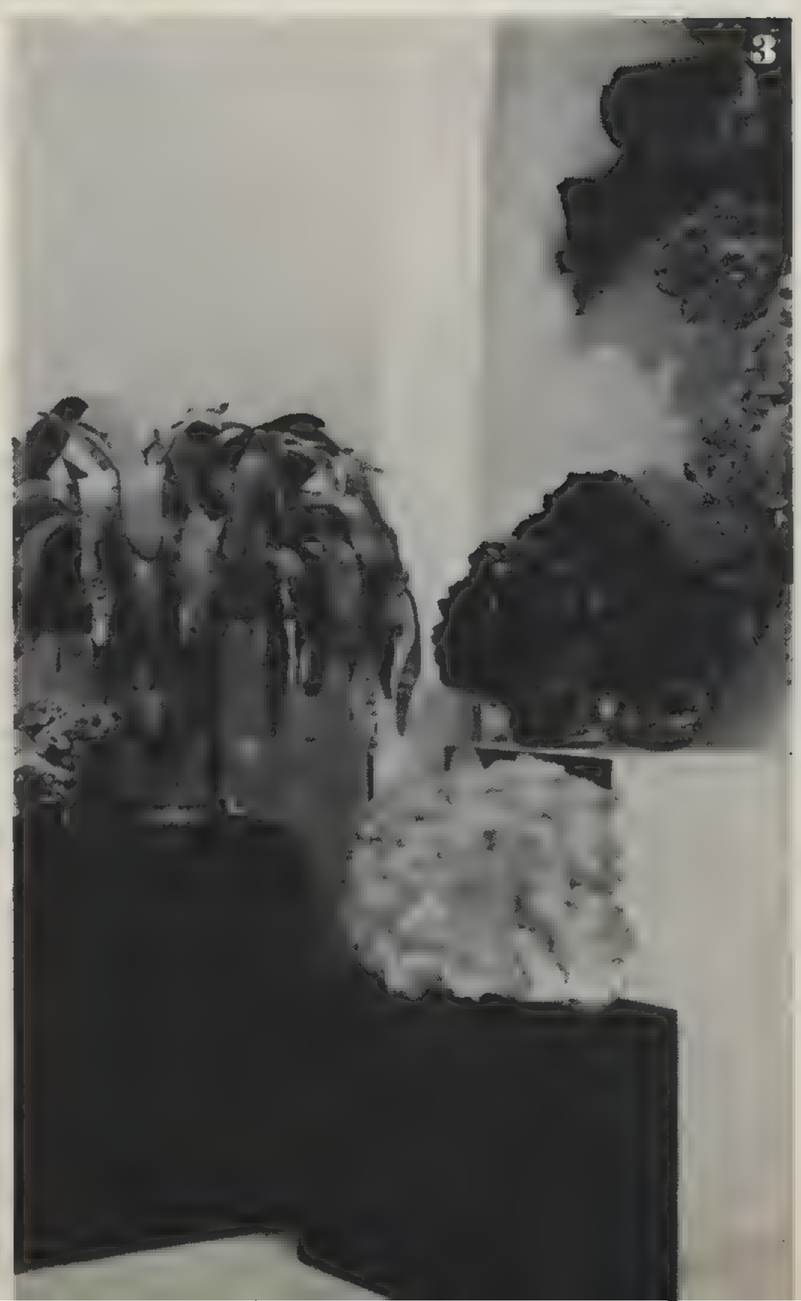
VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING

TEN NEW SUMMER-IS-FOREVER IDEAS



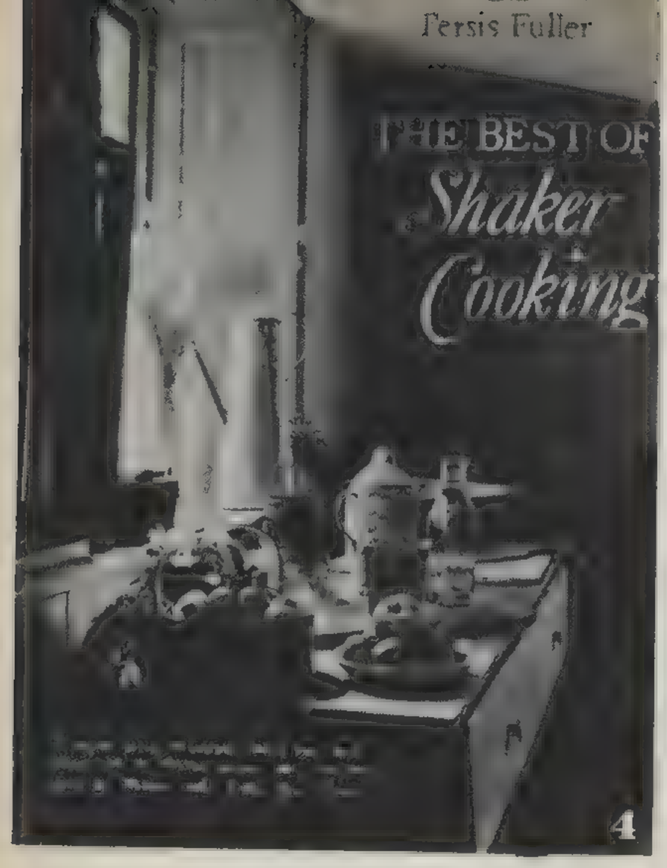




1. Wet-look plastic furniture: Moulded of white fibre glass, seal-sleek and shiny, made in Italy, exhibited at the St. Louis City Art Museum's Product Environment show, imported by Marshall Field, Chicago. Alberto Rosselli Side Chair, $115; jumbo chair, $110; settee, $225. Vittorio Intrioni's table, $110. The G-Lamp Structure of 30-watt Lumiline bulbs, $240, by Peter Hamburger, at Scarabeus, 223 East 60th St., N. Y. C. ***2. Wet-look garden room:*** Aluminum walls, polished earth-brown tiles, sparkling crystal cubes, marvellous tubs and baskets of rare trees, plants and flowers add up to a smashing look. Designed by Bray & Scheibel for the new flower shop, Terrestris, 767 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. ***3. Minerals as art:*** Minerals, nature's fantasies, are a new collecting rage. Here, a 630-lb. jade boulder, a great Brazilian aquamarine crystal, an amethyst geode several feet across, each on a special base, part of a superb collection touring galleries here and abroad. $20 to $10,000, London Assoc., 2165 Avenida de la Playa, La Jolla, Calif.

TOM YEE

VOGUE, July, 1970



4. The delights of Shaker cooking: More than 500 unique recipes plus notes on Shaker history, culture, kitchens, dining habits and use of herbs, enrich this Macmillan book, written by



Amy Bess Miller, president of Shaker Community, restorer of Shaker Village, Hancock, Mass., and Persis Fuller, director of its kitchen. $10 at bookstores, or at Shaker Village restoration. ***5. Rabbits in Clover:*** Or any other favourite animals are painted with wit and affection by actress Barbara Bel Geddes. $25 and up, to order. Barbara Bel Geddes, Putnam Valley, N. Y. ***6. Wheeled Plexiglas bar:*** With its own set-in ice-bucket, operates indoors or out. 34½″ long, 27″ high, 19½″ deep, in white or smoke. Designed by Kirk White for Medallion. $700 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y., soon.



7. Parasols in the garden: Artist Jack Baker, known for his brilliant summer scenes, puts his Santa Barbara garden on canvas. A medley of yellows . . . rush-seated peasant chairs, Japanese parasols painted varied yellows with Floral Life spray, flowers in antique baskets, yellow-and-white checked gingham cloths. Parasols, Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. C. Cloths, Tablerie, 1033 Third Ave., N. Y. C. Jack Baker's paintings at Hammer Galleries, 51 E. 57th St., N. Y. C. ***8. Foam modules in wet-look Tenneco:*** Three cloud-soft shapes with strap-on bolsters, and a hassock, combine to make a serpentine of seating. To summer by the pool, winter more formally in town. Made in France by Steiner, three modules and bolster are $110, at W & J Sloane, 414 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. ***9. Folding Bois chair:*** Pewter-finish steel for an outdoor-indoor chair. 18″, 20″, or 36″ high. Designed by Kirk White for Medallion. $190 at Richard Carleton, 210 E. 58th St., N. Y. C.* ***10. Strawberry Hill Gothic:*** Rawhide-bound rattan settee, 63″ long, $580 by McGuire. The pad, here, in Franciscan Fabric's "Capucine" print on linen by Medardy, $22 yd. Both at Thurston-McGuire-Franciscan Fabrics, 150 E. 58th Street, N. Y. C. 10021.*









*THROUGH DECORATORS

BERRY BERENSON

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



Giorgio's Indians

Waahoo! for Giorgio di Sant' Angelo—what a powerhouse of inspiration he is. This time his collection is derived from all of the Americas' Indian cultures. And the girls come on splendid, striding like proud warriors' women. . . . Giorgio's autumnal war dance will hit Bonwit Teller and Saks Fifth Avenue stores in September. Then you can pick and choose just how di Sant' Angelo Indian you want to go. In the meantime, to get your eye in, look at—

1. Giorgio's blue and pale-blue tie-dyed suède jumper, slung and belted over a shirt, bloomer pants, of blue jersey. . . .

2. The tom-tom, thump-thump cape—black velvet, decorated with white vinyl flowers, a blood-red velvet band, weighted around with raccoon's tails. . . .

3. The Indian princess's wedding dress—softest white doeskin, skirt and jacket fringed . . . worn with one turquoise feather, one white, on the head . . . lacquer white boots with embroidered insets. . . .

4. The body skin—a long-sleeved, high neck shirt, bloomer pants, midi skirt, all of clingy jersey, as close to the body as war paint would be, partitioned in colours of terra cotta, dusty pink, aubergine.

5. Giorgio's Aztec princess—a magnificent midi tunic, trousers, ceremonial apron of brown velvet—embroidered in turquoise, honey, and gold ribbons and thread—worn with a fantastic headdress of turkey and peacock feathers. . . .

CHARLES TRACY VOGUE, July, 1970



More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Summer this and thats, here and there...



1. Pat Evans romping through Central Park with her children—Nita and Kioko—wearing Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's cotton print gypsy skirt, $75. At Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . . Pat, an interesting, individual beauty, wears her head shaved because she likes it that way. . . . **2.** Braided. beaded ropes Pat Evans wears wrapped around her wrists, $5 each. From Odyssey. At Henri Bendel. . . . **3.** Bug-eyed sunglasses, $2.50. Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St. . . . **4.** Necklace and cross of pieces of bone, cow horn, strung with rawhide. made by Chippewa Indians of Wisconsin, $15. American Indian Arts Center. 1051 Third Ave. . . . **5.** Radiah designs. makes her head turbans and dresses of dishcloths from Woolworth's. At D-D-Dominic, 246 E. 51st St. . . . **6.** Brilliant lacquer-red printed cotton, embroidered bodice midi dress from Afghanistan, $100. At 321 East 9th Street Boutique. . . . **7.** White cotton jersey dress, undulated hemline edged in purple, orange ricrac. $80. Gavroche, 827 Madison Ave. . . . **8.** Jazzy midriff top and gaucho pants of yellow cotton, rumba-ruffled in red, yellow, green, $60. Kamali, 229 E. 53rd St. . . . **9.** More of the "story telling" trend in clothes—bright colour scenes from *The Wizard of Oz* appliquéd on turquoise jersey midi skirt and top. By John diMonda, $200. At Abracadabra's newest boutique. 575 Lexington Ave. . . . **10.** Puff-sleeve, peplum-hem cotton shirt with black ruffle-bottomed midi skirt, $35. The Little Lost Boutique, 808 Second Ave. . . . **11.** Berry Berenson's summer city-street look. Embroidered batiste shirt from Betsy, Bunky & Nini, 237 E. 53rd St. . . . Purple jersey skirt she made herself. . . . **12.** Debby Everton's haircut is the one to watch. all shaggy but long and shaped. By Paul Mitchell at Henri Bendel. . . . **13.** The postman's pouch. a great bag in beige duck. $16. Henri Bendel. (All in N.Y.C.)

















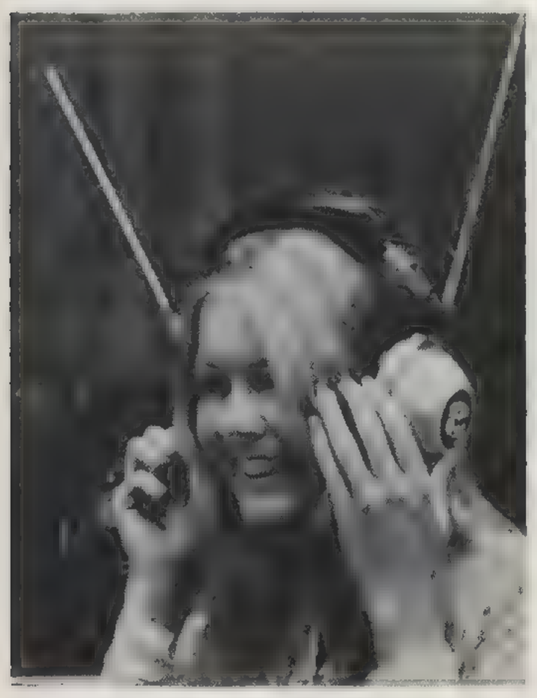
CHARLES TRACY
BERRY BERENSON
CATERINE MILINAIRE

More on next page

What are you wearing for summer?

Rome: *Pilar Crespi is wearing by day "very, very short dresses—like shirts—belted—with sandals in the city, bare feet at the beach." ...In the evening, wrap tops and long gypsy skirts. "I have one from Halston that is to faint, it is so pretty ..." and bare feet....*

New York:* *Caterine Milinaire—in town "always blue jeans tucked into boots—my cowboy boots, or my blue canvas ones from the Chelsea Cobbler, all painted with silver designs. In the evening, to be like a dragonfly—wrapped, draped, tied in a flurry of iridescent, diaphanous fabrics—delicately handwoven silks ... and cottons from North Africa in natural wheat colours—wonderful Pakistani dot tie dyes...."



CHARLES TRACY

New York: Earphones. Just clap them on, pull up your antennas, and freak out.... Go your way through the crowd all alone in your own world of music with the headset Panasonic Stereo FM radio. Nicely designed too. $75. Azuma, 417 Fifth Avenue....

New York: where you find just what you want to put on and wear right now....

1. Shirtdresses—short *—two inches above the knee. The famous Jax pattern—sort of safari style—one patch pocket on the back hip. Now in khaki or pale-violet cotton poplin. $35.* ***...2. Short wrap skirt—*** *two inches above the knee—wraps to the side and buttons down, so you can unbutton to show even more leg. Black or navy twill. $17....* ***3. Cotton T-shirts*** *to wear pulled down over the wrap skirt. Long sleeve, $8; short sleeve, $5 (a black leather hip-slung belt pulls it all together, $8). . . . All of these practical, clean-line looks, from Jax, 7 W. 57th St....* ***4. Shirtdresses—midi—*** *two inches below the knee. Made of Trevira black matte jersey—real clingy—short sleeves, two pockets on top—buttons all the way down to unbutton up as high as you want. $45. Jax, 7 W. 57th St....* ***5. Silk jersey pyjamas—*** *great city-street look from Halston. Two versions of tops—one a wrap, the other a shirt top (short or long sleeve). A sash to wrap at the waist. Pants. They come in beige, peach, pink, raspberry, delectable pale blue. . . . About $150 a set. Halston Boutique, Bloomingdale's. . . .* ***6. Made-to-order-two-day-delivery*** *—wrap skirt in any length you want—midi-ish, mini-ish, knee-sy-ish—of silk matte jersey or cotton print. $55. . . . To wear with it—short sleeve T-shirt top of silk matte jersey. $50. Both, Sibley-Coffee, 331 E. 58th St....*

Mirja Sachs in her Mohanjeets



1. Photographed in their Palace Hotel apartment in St. Moritz, delicious Mrs. Gunther Sachs poses in her Indian batiste shifts from Mohanjeet boutique . . . this one, $60. . . .

2. Harem pants and top in black, terra-cotta print on white batiste. $75. . . .

3. Mirja in puff-sleeved orange-and-white printed batiste Indian shift. $40. All these dresses, from Mohanjeet, 12 rue Jacob, Paris. . . .

MARY RUSSELL

"ONLY PEOPLE MAKE YOU CRY"

(Continued from page 89)

down a narrow, bumpy dirt road to the fire base. Ten sleepless nights under enemy fire gave the men a tense and exhausted look, the trademark of war. In a cave-like bunker where the only light came through the open door, I started to draw in Rembrandt-esque chiaroscuro to the rumbling of artillery, the crackling of the two-way radio, and the sound of a guitar and of the lovely baritone of one of the men singing folk songs.

While sketching, I thought that what made these young soldiers under fire desire so intensely to have their portraits drawn may have been an unconscious wish of symbolic perpetuation of life. These images of themselves may have represented for them a reality in the unreal world they lived in. Furthermore, this reality could reach their parents, wives, children, and girls, bringing them through an artist's vision a true message that words in a letter or a photograph could never convey.

At Cam Ranh Bay, my next stop, were miles of war equipment, trucks, Jeeps, artillery. Over that landscape of metal and cement, a veil of monotony and boredom seemed to hang. It is the only place in Viet Nam where I felt bewildered and dismayed. Seeing the impressive power of the American equipment, it was disquieting to realize that the fanatic and passionate ideology of the Viet Cong gives them a capacity to fight harder than the technological power of our arms.

After lunch, I sketched at the Enlisted Men's Club on the air base. That evening my assignment was at the military base. As I entered the club at the military base, a tall airman stopped me. "Can I be the first to have my portrait done as I have to start back very soon?" He explained that he had arrived at the Air Force Club that afternoon after I had left. He heard that at night I was working here but he could not get transportation. So he walked the five miles to this base. That anyone would walk all that way, in the oppressive heat, facing the dangers always present in a Vietnamese night, just to be drawn by me dissolved forever my doubts about the usefulness of my trip.

In the face of mutilation or death, in hospitals or in battles, an artist can not fake. The masks are down. In the hundreds of portraits I have drawn, I lied once, but then outrageously. Vitamins, Grade AA milk, and exercise have produced the most beautiful generation of American men. It was rare to see a soldier who was not handsome. The exception was a soldier in an Enlisted Men's Club somewhere in the Mekong Delta. (I stayed with the Army Special Forces.) He had no chin, no neck, and a shapeless nose. He asked me if I would do his portrait for a special reason. As he did not have a girl back home, he had been writing to the sister of one of his buddies and a friendship developed by letter. She had never seen him and wanted his photograph. He thought a portrait would do better. The boy had eight months more in Viet Nam, with its insecure tomorrows. As the letters from the girl were important to him, why not make him attractive for his unseen sweetheart? And so I drew him. On the basis of this portrait he could have walked straight from the Army into a movie studio and been offered a job. I hope my lie brought him luck.

On my first tour, when I drew Black soldiers, they were happy when their portraits looked more Caucasian than African. On my next assignment six months later, the demand was: "Make me Black and bushy." The Blacker and bushier I drew them, the happier they were.

In Viet Nam the future is now. The military hospitals in the Pacific are the tomorrows of war. Under the white covers a shape of a body that seems strangely unfamiliar and uncanny; on the pillow, deeply buried in its whiteness, a small, drawn Black face, two huge sad eyes looking with an empty fixed gaze at the opposite wall. Only after a while could I realize that the unfamiliarity of the shape seen under the covers was due to its squarely ended shortness—both legs were missing.

I asked the nineteen-year-old boy if he wanted a sketch of himself. He could send it to his family later, if he wished. "There is not much left of me to make a picture of," he said. His eyes, however, no longer looked at the wall: They looked straight into mine. I started sketching him and became quite engrossed in my work, only aware of my drawing that denied the words I had heard a few moments before. There was strength in it, determination, liveliness, and even a shadow of a smile.

The boy, after a while, asked me if he could see what I was drawing. His big eyes expressed at first astonishment, then he pushed the drawing from him, looked at it again with disbelief. Finally he said, "Yes, it looks like I was before." He held the picture close to his chest and remained silent. We were interrupted by the arrival of an orderly with a stretcher to take him into the operating room for a skin graft, hopefully to permit the later use of prosthesis.

The boy looked at me and asked: "Can I take my picture with me? Could I ask you, when I come back, to draw another picture of me for my girl?"

This incident gave me an understanding of something that since the beginning of my work had always puzzled me—the tremendous enjoyment of these mutilated boys when their portraits were drawn. Art has this unique power of translating into an image the inner reality of a human being, of bringing out what is hidden behind appearance. All who have drawn or sculpted have had the experience of being faced in their own creations with a message of which they were not at all aware—sometimes even contradictory to what they consciously planned to bring out of their model's personality.

The desperate and hopeless amputee, the sad, Black shape under the white covers, realized that what came out through this image was what still existed in him, even if he was not aware of it: his determination to live,

(Continued on page 132)

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"ONLY PEOPLE MAKE YOU CRY"

(Continued from page 131)

his realization that he has something to offer.

I experienced the same realization in the Philippines at Clark Air Base Receiving Station where the wounded are evacuated by air straight from the battlefields of Viet Nam. The transports arrive at night, the wounded are assigned and flown as soon as possible to hospitals in the Pacific region. The interior of the huge shed with endless rows of cots looked like an extension of the jungle from which these wounded men had come. Dark, oppressive, soundless, with thickets of entangled tubes like lianas hanging from serum and plasma bottles, the shed remained silent except for the sound of the stretchers wheeled in an interminable procession by the corpsmen.

I met these transports upon their arrival and offered to draw the wounded just a few hours away from the battlefields. In these conditions, it seemed unbelievable that anyone would want a portrait drawn. I expected to be told to go to hell. Apprehensive and anxious, I approached the first soldier. Could this bleeding, suffering man, his pupils dilated by pain killers, react to my offer to draw his picture? Incredibly, he was eager to have his portrait done. No one refused during this nightly vigil. It was as if they needed these portraits as a tangible reaffirmation of being alive. Even one of the wounded who had his head in bandages with only one side of his face visible, asked me, sadly: "I would like to have my portrait, but how can you do it with so little face showing?" I assured him that it was possible, went to work and with the help of his description of his invisible hairline, managed to produce something he found satisfying.

On these trips my foreign accent, strangely enough, was not a hindrance. My European origin even helped me occasionally to penetrate the unbreakable wall a wounded boy had built around himself. In a hospital in Okinawa, before I went into the ward, the head nurse told me that they had an eighteen-year-old double amputee who simply would not respond. He would not react; he had not once smiled. He had completely lost the will to live. The nurses and doctors worried about him, asked me to try to get through to him, but said he probably would rudely refuse to be sketched.

I approached the bed. The boy watched me with eyes filled with despair and anger, set in a grim face. Usually I ask the patient if he wants his portrait done, then I look at the chart at the foot of the bed to get his name. This time through an inspiration I looked at the chart first. Then I turned to the boy and said: "Your family is originally from Lithuania." His face lost the frozen look. "How did you know?" "Because I was born in Poland and can recognize a Lithuanian name." That was the breakthrough.

I spent an hour with him, discussing Lithuanian food that his grandmother still prepares. I made two portraits, one for her and one for his parents. Gradually he told me how he lost his legs in a booby trap, how all his buddies were killed. It was light shed on the unselfish character of most of these kids. His despair was less for his personal tragedy than for the loss of his friends.

I have drawn hundreds of soldiers, mostly the very badly hurt, and the only ones I ever saw crying were those who had lost a friend. The first time I saw a boy weeping, with his face buried in the pillow, I thought he was in pain. When I asked him, he said, "My buddy was killed in the ambush. He came from the same town and when I enlisted, he enlisted, too. It's my fault that he's dead." He had a photograph of his friend, and I made a colour drawing from it.

The physical wear and tear of these trips is not the hardest thing. Snow burns your eyes, but only people make you cry.

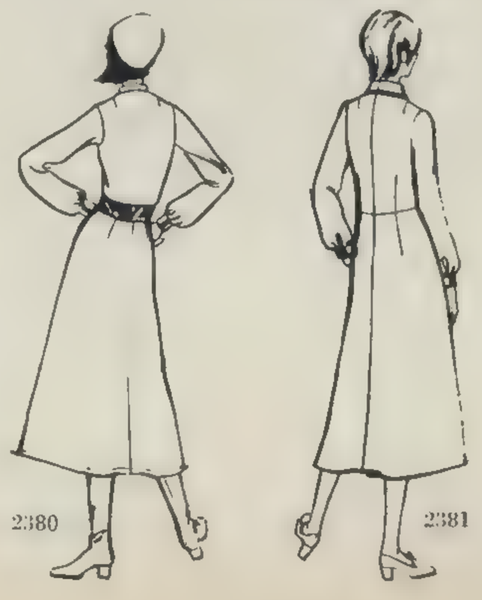
I have been asked over and over again since my return from Viet Nam and the Pacific: "What is the morale of the men?" The answer is: Morale crumbles in the non-combat zones, but soars where the fighting is.

The life of the men in non-combat bases is a caricature of life at home—material amenities but no privacy or personal liberty. The men become carbon copies of each other and sullen boredom sets in, boredom relieved only by irritation. In the fighting zones, life includes a spiritual experience stripped of material props. The presence of danger, of death, develops a deep concern about others. The word "we," not "I," gives sense to life. Isolation does not exist, a soldier does not become less but more when united in fraternity, interdependence, and the common effort. Constant danger develops in men a taste for life. That taste for life changes the sense of values and gives equal and exciting importance to every facet of living, good or bad. The unbreakable quality of courage on battlefields, in hospitals, is awesome, especially while, like the Homeric Greeks, they fight without hate.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 80-81; other views, yardages, details)

Right: Slit midi skirt and shirt. Vogue Pattern 2380. Skirt by Simonetta. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 shirt: 3⅛ yards of 36″ fabric. For size 10 skirt: 2⅛ yards of 56″ fabric. $3.50. In Canada, $3.85.



Left: Kicky-pleated midi shirtdress. Vogue Pattern 2381 by Valentino. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 10 dress: 2¾ yards of 56″ fabric. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

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NOTES ON THE GEISHA 1970

(Photographs of Ginko, a modern Tokyo geisha, by Irving Penn, pages 84-87)

"What do they look like?" "Wonderful! The face becomes a kind of living mask. . . . It makes you feel as if you yourself were part of an inanimate world that had suddenly come alive and could speak. I remember an evening many years ago at the Ichiriki, in Gion. . . . It's probably the most exclusive restaurant in the world; they let me in only because I was with some diplomatists. It's entirely unchanged since feudal times, and every breath you draw in it costs a fortune. Anyway, at one point a [young] geisha came in silently, and sat with us. She was extraordinarily beautiful. Her face was covered with the thick wax makeup which in daylight looks like plaster and is revolting, but by artificial light, particularly if it is subdued to resemble that of the flickering lamps of the old days, looks like porcelain. . . . She smiled, and said something in the delightful Kyoto dialect, bending her head, with its mass of black, shiny, lacquered hair. Then she sang. Heavens, I could have gone crazy about her!"

—From *Meeting With Japan*
by Fosco Maraini

In an evening, probably the merest wedge of an evening, a talented geisha can even now sometimes astonish the heart of a sophisticated European—a worldly Japanese, or an American industrialist. Provided he is properly vouched for by someone who is well known to the *kemban* (geisha society) with which she is associated. "If you are nobody, you get nobody," explained one Japanese. Romance, however, except for fleeting, sometimes painfully innocent coquetry, is not part of the usual geisha evening.

Normally, a man of means and prestige arranges a dinner party at a restaurant for a group of his friends and, well in advance, reserves a group of geisha who come to pour the sake—a complex and graceful ritual, sing or dance or play the samisen, and make every gentle effort to be entertaining and sympathetic. "Geisha have very tight lips," is a standard comment and a fact; they must, since they entertain members of rival political parties and are often present when important business agreements are freely discussed. An intelligent geisha—and even the most conservative Japanese woman will tell you that you can't be a first-rate geisha without being intelligent—has a fantastic miscellany of information about the world; one American, who proved difficult to amuse, suddenly found himself involved in a knowledgeable conversation about stressed concrete.

Often, however, in view of language problems or the need to untire the minds of the guests, the merriment turns to games—scissors-rock-paper and musical cushions are favourites; so is baseball which has its own song including the words *outo seifu* (out safe). Sake games in which the loser drains the cup are popular and are the only occasion when a geisha drinks. No matter how gay the party, proper guests leave promptly before the host has to pay overtime charges, and they may be speeded on their way by the geisha singing *Auld Lang Syne* in Japanese.

Where does the geisha's story begin? Enigmatic as she seems in her layered kimonos, elaborate wig, and mask-like paint, her history is apt to be simple, her childhood hard-working. Before the war, many families sold or gave their little girls of seven to ten to a geisha society because there were simply too many children at home to feed. Very often—especially since the war—the girls are daughters of former geisha as Ginko is. Because they are always in debt to the *kemban* for lessons and clothes—which are an enormous expense, they have no independence. From the age of about seven they study singing, dance, the samisen, flower arrangement, the tea ceremony, manners, calligraphy, English, painting—and sociology! At fifteen they begin to assist at parties. Later, when they become full-fledged geisha, the debts soar and the lessons go on. Even at forty, usually the peak of her career, a geisha continues deeply in debt. A few become famous recording stars and remain successful in their sixties.

The dream, however, is always to find a husband (almost certainly a man of wealth or a diplomat) or a protector. It is the geisha whose name is untarnished, whose success and desirability are established, who is most likely to attract a man of substance. As in the case of yachts, he should not have to count the cost. First of all, though he may never live with her, he must provide an attractive house or apartment, clothes, jewels, beauty treatments, all the delightful extravagances that will indicate to *her* friends that she is a woman of established position and will indicate to *his* friends that he is a man of great prestige. Between love and convenience the border is hazy; yet most Japanese agree that even if such a man takes other mistresses, he will continue to look after his geisha, usually with a certain tenderness. It is taken for granted that he has a wife, but she does not entertain his friends. In every sense of the word, she is a family matter.

Can every geisha find romance? Obviously, no, but many are adroit enough to find men who set them up in business—inns and noodle shops used to be at the head of the list, but now a shrewd geisha usually aims for a bar in Tokyo, with or without the bar girls who are now more popular than geisha because the cost is less, the divertissement more readily available, and very likely to include pleasures of the flesh. It is one of these girls a true geisha telephones when a guest becomes amorous. Then—to the *karo-karo* music of her clogs—she exits gracefully.

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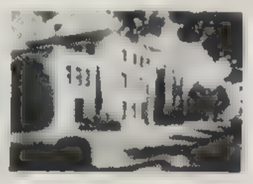
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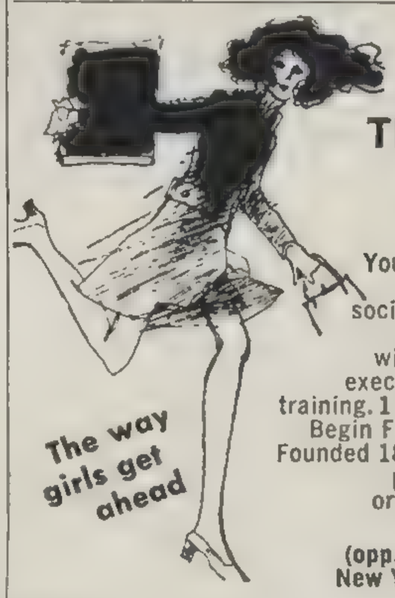
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GAE AULENTI

(Continued from page 123)

"clever solutions." Lots and lots of obelisks and marble spheres on wooden pedestals.

These last few years, however, one has had only high-sheen metal and quantities of Perspex contrasting with walls in a solid tobacco-brown fustian and milk-white carpeting. By way of status symbol and "spot of colour," one "slashed" Lucio Fontana canvas. And the obelisks, ever present, ever phallic, together with the spheres—although now they also are of Perspex.

Here the "Never Decoration, only Design" creed of Gae Aulenti comes into play. That is: "Work with forms." She explained: "It doesn't interest me to transform a surface or to fake it up with fabric or mirrors or marble. It doesn't interest me to embellish walls that remain bare and useless and without meaning until the furniture and paintings arrive. What does matter to me is to determine a space, to define a structure that in itself is already so finished and complete that when you enter such empty surroundings they seem perfectly filled and you are comfortable there, living in an already resolved space. Later, naturally, you bring to it your own personality, your own things, and the house takes on the character of the person living in it. Nonetheless, the structure remains the stronger."

These rigorously *architectonic* and *cultural* principles are applied, first of all, in some of her famous shops, which individualize a primary *form:* a stylized *piazza d'Italia* in white Formica for the Olivetti shop in Paris; a pyramid multiplied by mirrors for the Olivetti shop in Buenos Aires; the New York headquarters of the Banca Commerciale Italiana, which are furnished not in "bankers' mahogany" but in white laminated plastics, with lamps in the form of wide-sweeping bats' wings; and for the Knoll showrooms in Boston and New York, "landscapes" construed as "nature related to architecture according to a rational definition."

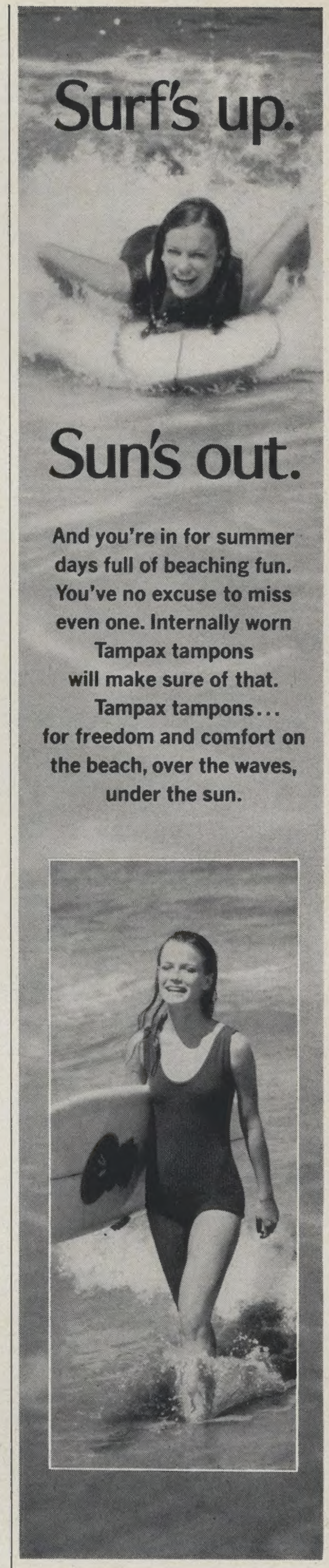
Aulenti said: "I believe strongly in feeling, in invention. . . . Creativity seems to me the strongest private passion that seeks to be profoundly rational. . . . To elaborate forms is equivalent to creating emotional bonds. . . ." Then there are her several imposing "car trays" that present new Fiat models at automobile shows . . . and a whole "travelling exhibit of Olivetti 'forms'" (now touring major European cities), constructed like a small city, apparently fixed and permanent, although it can be rapidly dismantled and rebuilt in any surroundings.

"To seek forms and to invent forms . . . that are . . . that exist," Gae Aulenti said. Her "forms" are often monumental inventions: a central pilaster that becomes Apollo, a moon-bound space machine. "The forms, naturally, have always existed. There they are—the pyramid, the stairway, the cube, the arch of the Mayan temple. But our work today is quite different and is addressed to the connection among these forms . . . to relating them . . . assembling our *own* images."

What was the problem with the Milan apartment shown on pages 118—123? "To reckon with the paintings and sculpture of a modern collector" or simply "to provide walls adequate for hanging the canvases?" Aulenti said the problem was: *to create an architecture and to organize spaces that stand by themselves even without the paintings,* avoiding every competitive test of strength between architecture and collection.

"I believe in a certain classicism: in naturalness of movement, in serenity of ambience, in primary forms. I do not like a false ease of movement. In a house, everything must function well and nothing must ever be seen functioning. With technology today one truly can solve everything—and also conceal everything—with pure form. But I am decidedly against everything that is disposable, inflatable, deflatable, destructible. We must never build the ephemeral. I can give myself to my work only if I think of it as finished, definitive, motionless, without knowing whether it will be destroyed in a few months or a few years!"

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE



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What is the only sure way a man can tell if a woman has really had an orgasm—or is only faking it?

What are the only four proven aphrodisiacs? Why is each of them made illegal by our society?

What is the Japanese form of masturbation—said to be the most unusual in the world?

What is the one sure way of getting rid of an obscene phone caller?

How many customers a night does the average call girl service?

In what cases are nuns allowed to take birth-control pills?

Is there a drug that will cause abortion?

Can women still become pregnant, even though they have undergone change of life?

What can any man or woman now do to make the sexual drive grow *stronger* as they grow older?

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Why so *much* information, that had previously been so completely unavailable? *For these two absolutely vital reasons:*

1. Because this doctor believes that—despite all the frank, "for adults only" films and books today *—most people are still abysmally ignorant about 99% of the true pleasures and potentialities of sex!*

They still ignore *the almost unlimited range* of human sexual behavior which occurs from sunset to sunrise every twenty-four hours. What, for instance, do prostitutes do? What do homosexuals do? What do nice girls do that they didn't find in the marriage manuals?

2. The problem, therefore, is simply this: To make the individual aware of the true capabilities of his or her sexual organs, *so he can utilize them to their fullest capacity—so he can experience the full range of sexual gratification of which he is capable.*

To do this, *you need the facts!* The very facts that were unavailable to you until now! *The answers to the very questions you have always been afraid to ask*—like these . . .

THE MALE SEX ORGANS—

How many sperm are there in each ejaculation?
What is the average time that it takes a man to gain another erection after he has just had an orgasm?
How does erection actually happen?
What percentage of men suffer from impotence?
What are the three major types of impotence—and how does medical science now deal with each?
What is the Japanese invention that lets even totally impotent men have real intercourse?
How can a man retain his potency, even if he loses his prostate, or his testicles?

THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS—

How can a woman become pregnant without sexual intercourse?
Exactly how do the female genital organs change in preparation for intercourse?
What happens in a woman's body during intercourse? What is the exact trigger-process?
What are the several different varieties of female orgasm? Why do scientists now believe that there is an orgasm central control located in the female body?
How can almost half the women who do not achieve orgasms today *train themselves* to do so?

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE—

Why do other societies use older women to teach younger men the techniques of sexual intercourse, regularly, and as a matter of honored custom?
What is "total sexual stimulation", and how can it be achieved?
What is the best way a woman can encourage a strong erection in a questionably potent man?
How can a couple control the timing of their orgasms, if they want them to be mutual?

APHRODISIACS—

What exactly is Spanish Fly? How does it work? What are its dangers?
What are the different types of plastic surgery done to both male and female sexual organs throughout the world? What effects do they have on successful sexual performance?
What foods have been favored as aphrodisiacs throughout man's history? What is their true effect on sexual performance?

SEXUAL PERVERSION—

Is homosexuality a hormone problem? Can it be cured by hormone injections?
How and where do homosexuals "cruise"? How long is their average encounter with another man? Exactly what do they do?
What is sadistic and masochistic homosexuality, and what do they do?
What do the main terms of homosexual slang mean?
How do European doctors change men into women? What exactly does the operation consist of?
What does a "Peeping Tom" do? And why? Is he dangerous? Are there women Peepers?
What does an exhibitionist do? And why? Do exhibitionists and Peeping Toms ever get together? And then what happens?

MASTURBATION—

How many forms of masturbation are there? What is the difference between child and adult masturbation? Between homosexual and heterosexual masturbation?
Can masturbation be used as a cure for frigidity?

PROSTITUTION—

Exactly what services do customers demand from prostitutes? How do the girls feel about these services?
How does a girl get started as a prostitute?
Precisely how much does the average prostitute make per year?
What is the difference between a street whore and a call girl? What do they do differently?
What one form of intercourse do male prostitutes refuse to perform?
Do prostitutes ever have orgasms?
What is the major service a pimp performs for a prostitute?
How many times in her career does the average prostitute have intercourse?
What happens to a prostitute when she grows old?

BIRTH CONTROL—

What is the exact reliability of coitus interuptis? The rhythm method? Douches? Vaginal suppositories? The pill? Diaphragms?
What popular *soft drink* is actually the most effective douche?
What are the states with the most liberal abortion laws in the country? The countries that allow abortion as a matter of course?

SEX AFTER FORTY—

Why do doctors now say that they can virtually "turn back the clock" for women who are about to enter menopause?
If a man over forty has potency problems, how can he often tell whether the cause is physical or psychological?
What medical treatment may return erectile potency to men fifty and beyond who had thought they had lost it forever?

About the Author
DAVID R. REUBEN, M. D.


Arthur Shay

He is a graduate of the University of Illinois Medical School. A former chief of neuropsychiatry at Walker Air Force Base Hospital, and clinical research associate in the Department of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School; he is currently in private psychiatric practice in San Diego, California. He has received praise for *Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Sex* on such national television shows as Johnny Carson . . . David Frost . . . Dick Cavett . . . Art Linkletter . . . and half a dozen more!

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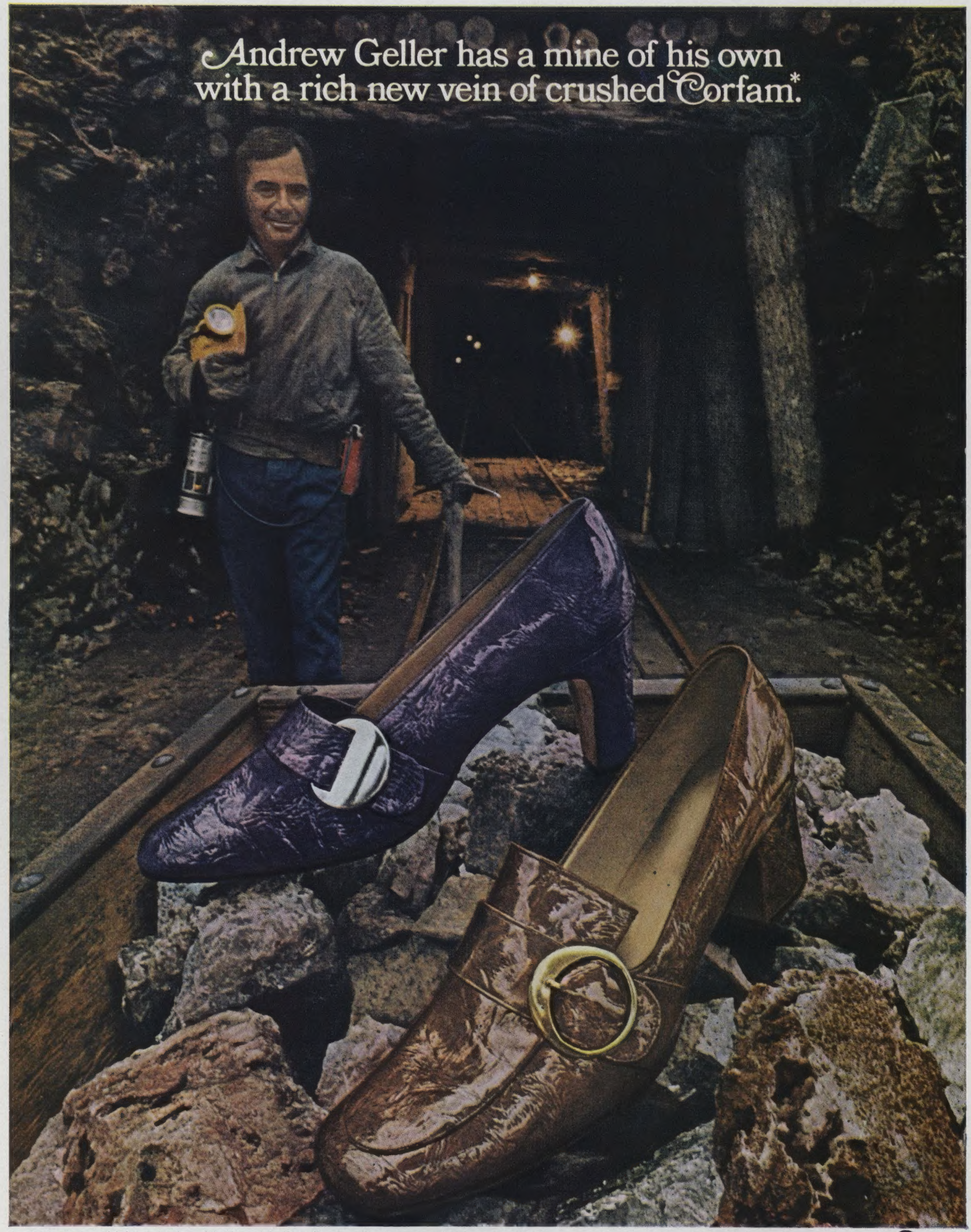
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